



No. 78

MANHUNTER!



Adventure

PT. **COMICS**





No.78

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NO

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Adventure COMICS



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A TAMER OF BEASTS

By **Gregory Trent**

Illustrated by **Carle M. Boog**

This is a story of the days before history began—of two boys who hunted and fought and learned how to do things which man had not yet learned.

Hurla and Sert were boys of the Neolithic tribes. Hunting was what they lived by. But Hurla had other ideas. Already he had caught a wild beast and nearly tamed it to become a faithful dog. Other beasts, he felt sure, could be tamed to serve man.

But Sert was a hunter and wanted only to kill. The two boys had many quarrels—one of them almost fatal. But Hurla, braving every danger, with his dog and his rebellious friend at his side, kept on. Fighting off hostile beasts, battling with cunning enemies from other tribes, he gathered at last what he had been seeking—cattle and goats that could be herded to stay with the tribe—a source of food for the hard winter. This marked the beginning of animal care and breeding for man's use.

The two boys had many adventures, coming close to the discovery of copper, wheat and other valuable commodities which later played such vital parts in man's civilized living.

Ask for this book at your library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

ATIX BPM RIXA EQBP ABIUXA

JWVLA.

STARMAN

by JACK BURNLEY

YOU CAN'T SEE HIM--YOU CAN'T FEEL HIM--
YOU CAN'T HEAR HIM--BUT HE'S RIGHT
UNDER YOUR VERY EYES, STEALING
AT A MILE A MINUTE! AND WHEN CRIMINALS
GO A-LOOTING, WHETHER THEY'RE
ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL, IT
MAKES A CASE FOR STARMAN,
MAN OF MYSTERY--FOLLOW HIM
NOW ON A STAR-SPANGLED TRAIL AS HE
SOLVES THE CASE OF "THE LITTLE
MAN WHO WASN'T
THERE!"



IN THE LUXURIOUS STUDIOS OF A
PHOTOGRAPHER, BANKER HARTLEY
MANNERS POSES FOR A PORTRAIT.

HURRY UP WITH
THE PICTURE! I'VE
A HALF A MILLION
DOLLARS' WORTH
OF BONDS WITH ME
THAT I'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE BANK!

YES, MR. MANNERS--
ALL SET?
HOLD IT--



BUT AS THE SHUTTER CLICKS!

WHAT'S WRONG,
MR. MANNERS?

HELP!
S-SOMEONE'S
ATTACKING ME!





A MYSTERIOUS INVISIBLE MARAUDER WHO LEAVES NO SIGN EXCEPT A CURIOUS CALLING CARD!



MEANWHILE--AT THE ICE SHOW, EAGER FANS GREET THE APPEARANCE OF SONNIE HAIL, THE JEWEL SKATER!



COMPLIMENTS
OF
THE LITTLE
MAN WHO
WASNT THERE!

BY
EVENING
THE WHOLE
CITY IS IN
A FUROR--
AND EVEN
AT THE
OPERA THE
INVISIBLE
LITTLE MAN
IS DISCUSSED
AS TED
KNIGHT
ENTERS
WITH A FRIEND.

YOU'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL WITH
THAT RUBY YOU'RE
CARRYING.
VAN CAMP--

NONSENSE!

ALL THAT TALK ABOUT A
LITTLE MAN WHO WASNT
THERE IS PURE HYSTERIA--
I DONT BELIEVE IT!
MY RUBY IS SAFE--

THE
VERY
IDEA
OF AN
INVISIBLE
BANDIT
GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HELP! HELP!

IT'S HAPPENING
AGAIN!

THEN--ONE
MIGHTY
INVISIBLE
BLOW!

THE RUBY--
IT'S--IT'S
GONE!

"THE LITTLE MAN
WHO WASNT THERE!"
THE SAME CARD!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
I CANT BELIEVE
MY EYES!

WHILE THE OPERA PERFORMANCE DRAWS TO A
CLOSE, PREPARATIONS BEGIN FOR ANOTHER STELLAR
SHOW AS TED KNIGHT DONS A FLAMING RED COSTUME!

THREE DARING ROBBERIES
BY AN INVISIBLE CROOK--
AND YET I KNOW THAT
TOTAL INVISIBILITY IS
IMPOSSIBLE TODAY! THIS
IS A CASE
FOR
STARMAN!

BACK TO
THE
DARKENED
OPERA
HOUSE--

NOW LET'S SEE--VAN
CAMP WAS ABOUT
HERE WHEN THE
INVISIBLE
ATTACK
BEGAN!



SO THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T
THERE BROUGHT A COUPLE OF FRIENDS
WITH HIM THIS TIME!

YOU WON'T
LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO
COUNT
THEM!

A CHORUS
GIRL WOULD
CALL THIS
LEG-ART!

WE WON'T
GIVE YOU
A LEG
TO STAKED
ON!

AS
REVOLVERS
SPIT AND
VICIOUS
BULLETS
WHINE PAST
STARMAN'S
CHEEK--

AS THE MASKED KILLERS
CHARGE DOWN THE
CARPETED STAIRS--

DRILL HIM! WE'VE
WASTED ENOUGH
TIME ALREADY!

THAT'S
RIGHT!
WE'VE
GOT TWO
MORE
STOPS
TO MAKE!

THIS IS YOUR
LAST STOP,
FRIENDS!

A MIGHTY RIP AND THE CARPET IS RAISED HIGH

ALL
OFF!
CHANGE
TO THE
LOCAL
JAIL!

HEY! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE STAIRS?

AS THE FIGURES TUMBLE OFF
THE UPRaised CARPET

LOOK
OUT!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!

BUT AS STARMAN LEAPS FORWARD IN PURSUIT--

WHAT! ANOTHER ONE?
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN
HIDING?

OOOPS! PARM
ME, MISTER!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE I'VE LOST
THE OTHERS, BUT AT LEAST
I'VE CAUGHT ONE!

LEGGO OF
ME, WILL
YA? WHO
D'YA THINK
YA ARE--
ANYHOW

A TOUCH ON THE GRAVITY ROD TURNS IT
ON TO AN ILLUMINATING TORCH--

WHO ARE YOU, YOUNGSTER?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN
THE OPERA HOUSE
AFTER HOURS?

M'NAME IS MIKE
MUGGINS--I'M FROM
BROOKLYN--I COME
HERE TA SEE A
PICTURE AN' I FELL
ASLEEP WAITIN' FA
THE STAGE SHOW
TA END!

I THINK MAYBE
I COME TA THE
WRONG PLACE--
THEY ONLY SING
HERE! WHAT'S
YOUR NAME,
BROTHER, AND
WHAT'S YOUR
RACKET?

I'M STARMAN
AND MY
RACKET-BUSTING
HELLO! WHAT'S
THIS? SOMETHING
HIDDEN UNDER
THE CARPET?

STARMAN! DISCOVERS A
SMALL CHAMOIS POUCH--

STARMAN, HEY? I HEARD
OF YOU--SAY, I BEEN
WANTIN' TA TIE IN
WITH A GUY LIKE YOU--
BROOKLYN BORE'S ME!

SHUT UP AND GO
HOME, MIKE--YOU
BOTTER ME--I'VE
GOT TO
FIGURE
OUT WHAT
THIS CLUE
MEANS--

IF THIS POUCH MEANS WHAT I
THINK IT MEANS, I'D BETTER GET
OVER TO THE ICE-SHOW RINK AT
ONCE--

YEP--I THINK I'LL HANG
AROUND WITH STARMAN
FOR A WHILE--HE OUGHT
TO BE GOOD
FOR
LAUGHS!

AS
STARMAN
SOARS INTO
THE AIR
WITH A
POWERFUL
SURGE OF
THE
GRAVITY
ROD--

WH---HEY! DIDN'T
I TELL YOU TO GO
HOME?

GET A LOAD OF
THIS! STARMAN'S
GOT A HITCH--
HIKER!



NOW LOOK, YOUNGSTER WHEN I SAID I WAS A RACKET-BUSTER I WASN'T KIDDING-- YOU CAN'T HANG AROUND ME--MY WORK'S TOO DANGEROUS!

AW, I AIN'T AFRAID-- I'M A RACKET-BUSTER TOO, STARMAN! I CLEANED UP THE WHOLE MYRTLE AVENUE GANG--YOU GOTTA LET ME HANG AROUND! BROOKLYN AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR MIKE MUGGINS!

SO ONWARD TOWARD THE ICE-SHOW FLIES STARMAN AND HIS EXCESS BAGGAGE, MIKE MUGGINS



ALL RIGHT MIKE-- I SEE THE ONLY WAY I CAN CONVINCE YOU IS TO GIVE YOU A SAMPLE--THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK HOME!

STARMAN AFTER BROOKLYN, NOTHING CAN ASTONISH ME! HEY--THERE'S THE RINK!

INSIDE THE RINK--



HOLD EVERYTHING! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

HERE'S THE STUFF!



MAYBE IT'S ONLY THE WATCH-MAN!

WHOEVER IT IS IS GOING TO FIND A LITTLE SURPRISE

SHH! WE'LL WAIT HERE--

WHILE STARMAN AND MUGGINS STEAL INTO THE EMPTY ARENA--



WHAT'S THE IDEA COMIN' HERE? THERE AIN'T NO SHOW ON NOW!

NOT SO MUCH NOISE! THAT CHAMOIS POUCH I FOUND GAVE ME AN IDEA--I WANT TO CHECK ON IT!

AS THEY START TO WALK ACROSS THE RINK--



CAREFUL KID! LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND!

WOW! I'M FALLIN'! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT ICE WAS SLIPPERY?

CAUGHT UNPREPARED AS HE BENDS TO HELP MUGGINS, STARMAN IS HIT FROM BEHIND WITH A STUNNING BLOW!



LET'S PUT HIM AWAY FOR KEEPS THIS TIME!

H-HEY!

TRY TO GET MY PAL, WILL YA? WELL YOU GUYS FORGOT MIKE MUGGINS THE TERROR O' MYRTLE AVENUE.

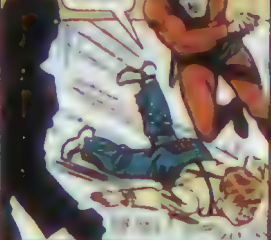


STAY OUT OF THE WAY, MIKE!

BUT AS MIKE CHARGES TO THE RESCUE!

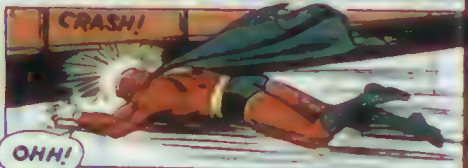
MUGGINS DON'T FORGET YOU!

OOPS! DARN ME STARMAN SLIPPED AGAIN!



OFF-BALANCE, STARMAN IS UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF!

NICE WORK! THIS DOES THE TRICK!

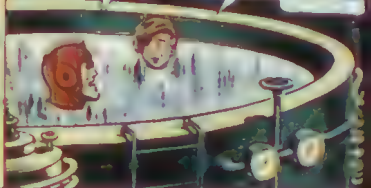


OH!

LATER--
REGAINING
CONSCIOUSNESS,
STARMAN
AND
MUGGINS
FIND
THEMSELVES
ENCASED
IN ICE IN
A TANK
SURROUNDED
BY
COOLING
COILS!

W-W-E'RE IN ICE
UP TO OUR NECKS
HOW'D THIS
HAPPEN, MIKE?

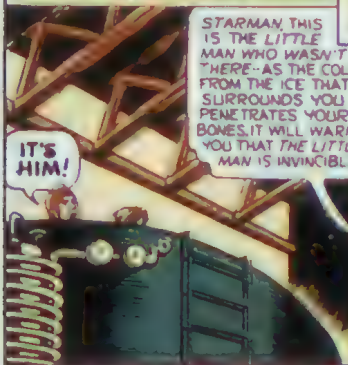
I DUNNO, STARMAN
SOMEBODY KNOCKED
OUT WHEN I COME
I WUZ HERE



A VOICE COMES FROM THE DEEP SHADOWS:

STARMAN THIS IS THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE--AS THE COLD FROM THE ICE THAT SURROUNDS YOU PENETRATES YOUR BONES, IT WILL WARN YOU THAT THE LITTLE MAN IS INVINCIBLE!

IT'S HIM!



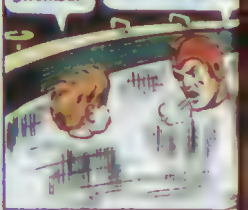
YOU MAY BE INVINCIBLE, LITTLE MAN, BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE--THE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPPED MANNERS' PICTURE JUST AS YOU ROBBED HIM--THE EVIDENCE TO CONVICT YOU IS ON THE FILM!



STRANDED IN SOLID ICE IN THE RINK'S BASEMENT, STARMAN STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY ESCAPE

WHATCHA DOIN, STARMAN?

BREATHING ON ICE TO MELT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET OUT OF



A SMALL POOL OF WATER FORMS. STARMAN TAKES SOME IN HIS MOUTH.

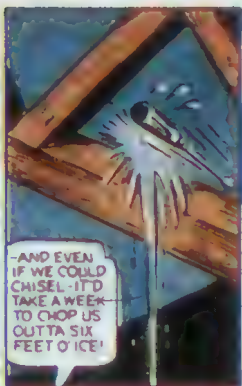


HEY! YOU GUYS
BE CRACKED.
YOU CAN'T MELT
YOUR WAY OUT
LIKE THAT!
WATCHA
LOOK UP AT?

STRAIGHT UP INTO THE AIR STARMAN SPOUTS
A THIN STREAM OF WATER TOWARD A SCREW-
DRIVER LYING ON AN OVERHEAD BEAM.



AND WHAT
GOOD'S A
SCREWDRIVER?
OUR HANDS
AIN'T FREE TO
CHISEL WITH!



-AND EVEN
IF WE COULD
CHISEL-IT'D
TAKE A WEEK
TO CHOP US
OUTTA SIX
FEET O' ICE!

HURTLING DOWN
POINT-FIRST.
THE TOOL CRACKS
THE ICE AND
SPLITS IT WIDE!



I'M NOT CRACKED, MUGGINS--THE
ICE IS! ANY SHARP POINT WILL
SPLIT A BLOCK OF ICE WIDE
OPEN IF IT HITS IT HARD
ENOUGH--I'LL HAVE US
FREE IN A MINUTE!

WOW!
I HADN'T KNOWN
ABOUT THAT!

GOLLY, STARMAN, AM I
SORRY I SHOT OFF MY
BIG MOUTH LIKE THAT--
YOU SURE ARE A
SMART GUY!



AFTER CLIMBING OUT OF THE ICE-TANK--

AND BOY-ON-BOY! COULD THE
DODGERS USE YOU!

NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE
GO ON HOME--I'VE GOT
MORE WORK TO DO.

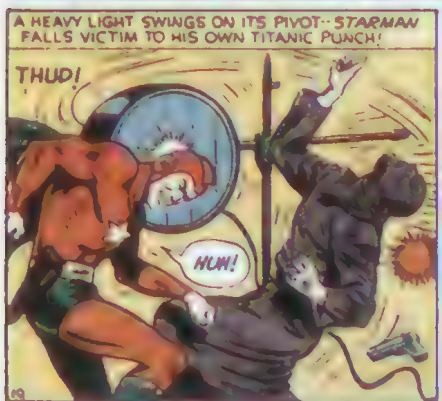


ONCE AGAIN
"THE PEST"
ATTACHES
HIMSELF TO
STARMAN
AS HE SOARS
UPWARD,
POWERED BY
THE GEMMY
ROD.

WILL YOU GET OUT OF HERE!



AIN'T GONNA DO
IT, STARMAN--
AFTER WHAT JUST
HAPPENED, YOU'RE
NEVER GONNA GET
RID OF ME.



JUGGINS SNATCHES UP A PHOTOGRAPHER'S FLASH GUN AND THE BLINDING BRILLIANCE OF A MAGNESIUM FLARE LEAPS HIGH



OH!
I'M BLINDED

HERE'S FIRE IN YOUR EYES, WISE GUYS!

THANKS, MIKE YOU PULLED STARMAN OUT OF AN ECLIPSE THAT TIME!



THINK NOTHING OF IT, PAL. NOW LET'S CLEAN 'EM UP

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURES REEL AND STRIKE TOGETHER

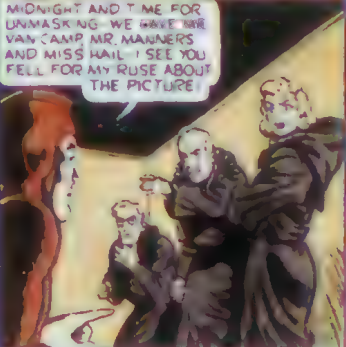


OUCH! EEEE!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S A WOMAN!

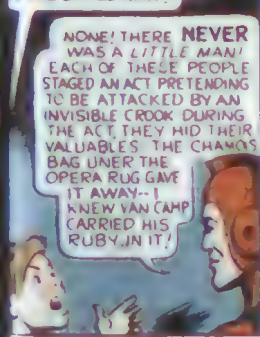
I THOUGHT SO!

AFTER STARMAN UNMASKS THE TRIO



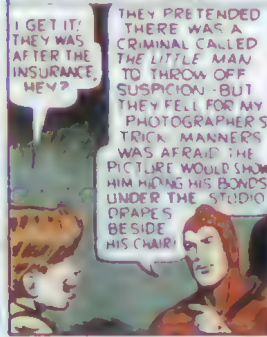
MIDNIGHT AND TIME FOR UNMASKING - WE HAVE HERE VAN CAMP, MR. MANNERS AND MISS HAIL - I SEE YOU FELL FOR MY RUSE ABOUT THE PICTURE!

WHICH ONE OF THEM THE LITTLE MAN?



NONE! THERE NEVER WAS A LITTLE MAN! EACH OF THESE PEOPLE STAGED AN ACT PRETENDING TO BE ATTACKED BY AN INVISIBLE CROOK DURING THE ACT THEY HID THEIR VALUABLES. THE CHAMOS BAG UNDER THE OPERA RUG GAVE IT AWAY-- I KNEW VAN CAMP CARRIED HIS RUBY IN IT!

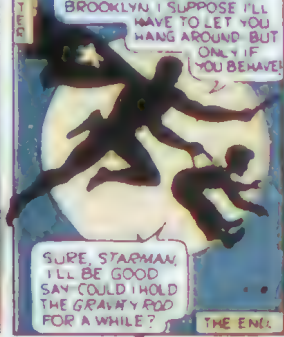
AND SO THE LITTLE MAN TRULY WASN'T THERE



I GET IT! THEY WAS AFTER THE INSURANCE, HEY?

THEY PRETENDED THERE WAS A CRIMINAL CALLED THE LITTLE MAN TO THROW OFF SUSPICION - BUT THEY FELL FOR MY PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRICK. MANNERS WAS AFRAID THE PICTURE WOULD SHOW HIM HIDING HIS BONDS UNDER THE STUDIO DRAPES BESIDE HIS CHAIR!

LATER



MIKE, IF YOU ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO GO BACK TO BROOKLYN, I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU HANG AROUND - BUT ONLY IF YOU BEHAVE!

SURE, STARMAN, I'LL BE GOOD. SAN COULD HOLD THE GRAVY ROD FOR A WHILE?

THE END

HOURLMAN

and

THORNDYKE

5/
BERNARD
BAILY

SIXTY SECONDS MAKE AN HOUR
 SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR
 AND SIX HOURS MAKE A DAY
 OF THE THIRTY HOURMAN
 CAN READ AND WRITE AND
 DOING AS SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
 WAS CHALLENGED THE POLICE
 TO THE MARCH - IS PLOT TO
 DESTROY HIS MORTAL ENEMIES!
 NOW, THE HOUSE LIGHTS ON
 THE CURTAIN REELS ON THE
 TENSE AND SPINE-CHILLING DRAVING

THE MAN WHO

ACT ONE OPENS WITH AN
AUDACIOUS NEWSPAPER
ADVERTISEMENT...

POLICE
DEPARTMENT.
YOU ARE CORDIALLY
INVITED TO ATTEND
THE MURDER OF JOHN
WARD, THE LAWYER
IN HIS STUDY AT
10:00 P.M. TONIGHT.

SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF

WINE PASSEES S-ONLY AS
THE POLICE AND JOHN
WARD AND AT THE MYSTER
IOUS S-R-TOWN, FALSTEE

WALTER CORNELL TOLD
HE S R TO-N PA STAFF
COULD HAVE BEEN A
V. ORDERER REMEMBER
CORNELL THE GREATEST
LIVING ACTOR, AND-S
MAKE-UP MAN G. ANTO,
AGENTS N-S
FIELD

NO! A-
THE
CRACKPO
COMES
HE - P-
IN THE
PSYCHO
HARD!

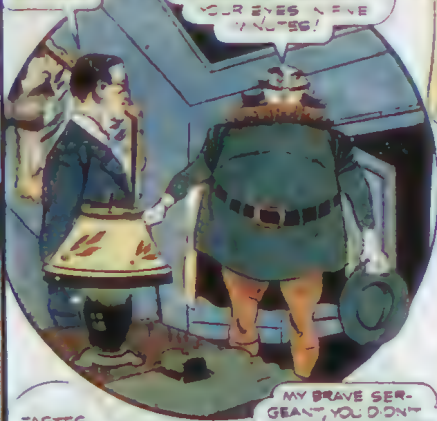
SRIC-
FA_9-AEE
-AS
ARRIVED,
GENTLEMAN.

32 VG
H.N
V...
FAST!



SAY, WHAT'S
THE THIRD
RATE MOVIE
STUFF?

THIRD RATE MOVIE STUFF
INDEED? HOW NOW! YOU
WILL SEE JOHN WARD
MURDERED BEFORE
YOUR EYES IN FIVE
MINUTES!



THE
BUTLER
INTERRUPTS
BEFORE
SIR
JOHN
FALSTAFF
EXPLAINS!

TIME
FOR YOUR
PILLS
SR

JUST A MINUTE
CHUM, GIVE ME
THAT GLASS
OF WATER.



I AM
TAKING NO
CHANCES ON
POISON

ARE YOU
A SER-
GEANT?



TASTES
O.KAY,
MR. WARD!

MY BRAVE SER-
GEANT, YOU DON'T
HAVE TO LOOK FOR
THE OBVIOUS!



LISTEN MISTER, I'VE
MY BUSINESS... AND I
AM TAKING ADVICE
FROM CHEAP PUNKS!

WHAT HO! /
YOU ARE VERY
BOLD WITH
YOUR WORDS!



AH... YOU
ADMIT IT'S
A PERFECT
CRIME!

THEN O'CLOCK! JOHN WARD
SUDDENLY STAGGERS...
MYSTERIOUSLY STRICKEN!

MY THROAT
BURNS



DEAD... MURDERED!
PRUSSIC ACID!
NOBODY BUT ME
AND MR. WARD
TOUCHED THE
GLASS. HOW
DO THE
POISON
GET?



NO! NO! NO! PRE-EE I
EXPECTED IT! ACT ONE...
JOHN WARD MURDERED
AND IN ARRESTED. ACT
TWO... IN FREED ON JACK
OF EVIDENCE ACT THREE...
BUT LET YOU KNOW!

YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!



A SHORT TIME
LATER, INTRIGUED
BY THE
BAFFLING DEATH
OF JOHN WARD,
HOURMAN,
IN REALITY
REX TYLER,
TRIES TO FIND
A SOLUTION!

NOT AN IDEA SO FAR.
THERE MUST BE A CLUE
SOMEWHERE... IN... THE
ICE CUBES IN WARD'S
GLASS OF WATER.

ONE THING I KNOW...
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
MAD A CONFEDERATE
THE CASE IS SOLVED.

SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF?
-HOS-EE!

OH-HELLO THORNDYKE, YOU
-HEARD THE NEWS TOO? WELL,
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF HAS A
ROGUE A SOME OF SHAKES-
PEARE'S PLAYS! SOMEONE
HAS ASSUMED HIS NAME
FOR MURDER!

AND THEN THE RADIO
THUNDERS WITH
SENSATIONAL NEWS!

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
WAS RELEASED FOR
LACK OF EVIDENCE.
WE SAID THAT ACT 3
OF HIS DRAMA WILL
FEATURE THE DEATH
OF THE RENOWNED
PSYCHIATRIST, DR.
PAUL HOLLMAN,
AT MIDNIGHT!

-HATHAWAY ROAD... SAY,
REMEMBER THAT OLD
HOUSE ON A DIRT ROAD
THAT BRANCHES
FROM THE ROAD?

SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF
WAS LAST
SEEN DRIVING
DOWN
HATHAWAY
ROAD!

YOU
BE
:OO!

ELEVEN P.M. I WEVE ONLY
ONE HOUR TO SAVE DR.
-HOLLMAN! GET INTO
YOUR UNIFORM.

ZOWIE!
I'M ON
MY WAY!

HOURMAN EXPOSES HIMSELF TO
THE POWERFUL MIRACLO RAYS...
GIVING HIM SUPERIOR POWERS
THAT LAST SIXTY MINUTES!

HURRY TO DR. HOLLMAN'S
OFFICE! IF SIR JOHN GETS
TO THE DOCTOR'S PLACE
BEFORE I REACH HIM,
KEEP HIM BUSY
UNTIL I ARRIVE!

JUST
-SAVE
HIM TO
ME!

ONE HOUR TO
FOUL SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF! WATCH
THE CLOCK!

11:03

THE POLICE PROMISED
TO SAVE JOHN WARD
BUT HE KILLED HIM.
WHAT I WOULD DR.
HOLLMAN, AND...



PLEASE BE
EATEN NOW,
TO WHAT DO I
WELCOME THIS VISIT,
MY GOOD
FELLOW?



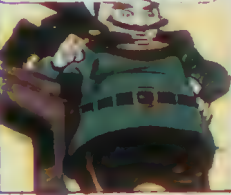
THE MURDER OF
JOHN WARD! THERE
WERE POISONED
ICE CUBES IN
THE WATER!

WHAT,
YOU
KNOW?
YOU ARE
A CLEVER
FELLOW
TO SOLVE
THIS.

I KNOW A LOT OF
THINGS, BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHY YOU
DO AWAY WITH
HARDICAN YOU
TELL ME?



JOHN WARD AND DR.
HOLLMAN PLOTTED TO RUN
ME BY PUTTING ME IN A
MENTAL HOSPITAL. I SUFFERED
INCREDIBLY... SO I
PLANNED MY REVENGE FOR
A LONG TIME, AND SOON I
MANAGED TO ESCAPE.

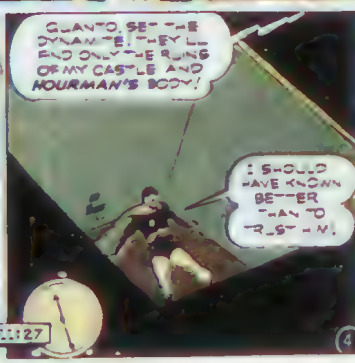


DEATH TO THOSE WHO INTER-
FERE WITH MY PLANS, BUT
THAT BRAT WHO FOLLOWS YOU
MAY KNOW WHERE YOU'VE
GONE! IT MEANS THE POLICE
LATER, AND THEY'LL FIND
MY REAL IDENTITY!



HEY!

QUANTO, SET THE
DYNAMITE! THEY'LL
END ONLY THE RING
OF MY CASTLE AND
HOURMAN'S BODY!



I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN
BETTER
THAN TO
TRUST HIM.

...AND WILL FAIL! SORRY
BUT THE DRAMA WON'T TURN
OUT AS YOU PLANNED.

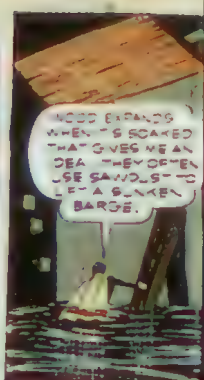


SRRR...
WHO'S THE
DOLEFUL
FELLOW?

I BELIEVE
HE'S CALLED
HOURMAN!

WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE
QUARTERS, QUANTO...
BRING REFRESHMENT
FOR OUR VISITOR



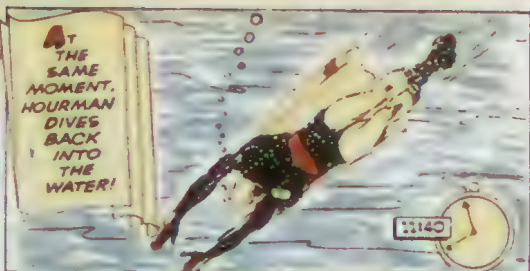


EXPANDING
SPLINTERS
BREAK
THE
TRAP
DOOR
WITH
TREMEN-
DOUS
PRESSURE!





YOU WON'T
LEAVE
HERE
ALIVE!



AT
THE
SAME
MOMENT,
HOURMAN
DIVES
BACK
INTO
THE
WATER!

1:14:00



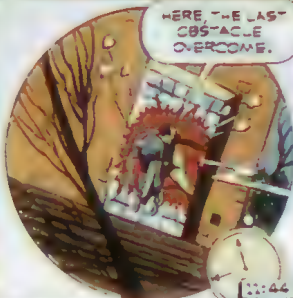
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS...

THE FOOL! I HOPE
I'M NOT TOO LATE
TO SAVE HIM!

HELP!



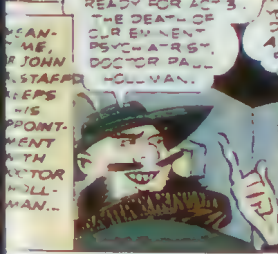
THERE WAS CUT
OFF OUR ESCAPE.
BUT THERE MUST BE
A WAY OUT.



HERE, THE LAST
OBSTACLE
OVERCOME.



NEXT STOP IS DOCTOR
HOLLMAN'S OFFICE. I'VE
AN APPOINTMENT WITH
THE DOCTOR... BUT IT
DOESN'T CONCERN
MY WEALTH!



COME, MY FRIENDS
READY FOR ACT 3.
THE DEATH OF
OUR EMINENT
PSYCH-AT-RIST,
DOCTOR PAUL
HOLLMAN.

YOU WOULDN'T
DARE PULL
ANOTHER
FAST ONE.



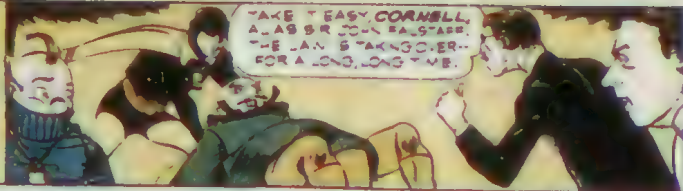
LET ME PASS!
I CAN
RECOGNIZE
HIM.



DO YOU MY
GOOD FELLOW?
OF COURSE,
YOU KNOW ME



EXACTLY
MIDNIGHT,
AND SIR JOHN
FALSTAFF
IS NABBED
JUST
AS
HOURMAN'S
POWERS
VANISH!

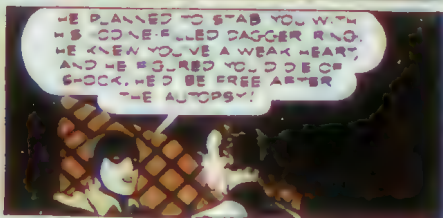


WAS
HE THE
REAL
WALTER
CORNELL?

YES! BUT THE REAL WALTER
CORNELL DIED WHEN HIS MIND
SNAPPED! WARD AND I
THOUGHT HE'D BE CURED IN
MY HOSPITAL BUT HE BECAME
AN INCURABLE EGOMANIAC!

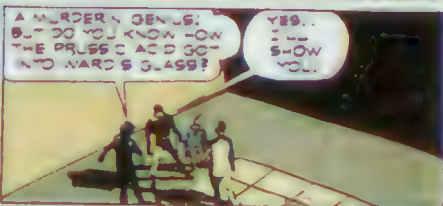


HE PLANNED TO STAB YOU WITH
HIS CORNE-ELLED DAGGER RING.
HE KNEW YOU'VE A WEAK HEART,
AND HE FIGURED YOU'D BE ON
SHOCK, HE'D BE FREE AFTER
THE AUTOPSY!



A MURDERER, GENIE!
BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW
THE PRUSSIC ACID GOT
INTO WARD'S GLASS?

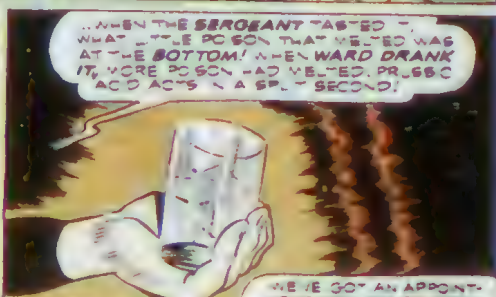
YES...
I'LL
SHOW
YOU.



SEE THESE ICE CUBES? WHEN
CE MET'S COLD WATER ALWAYS
SETTLES ON THE BOTTOM! IT
WORKS UP SLOWLY. NOW
MAGINE THESE CUBES
ARE POISONED.



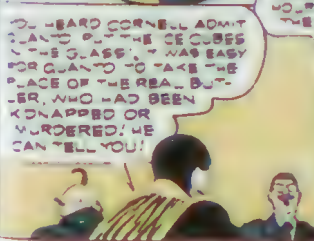
...WHEN THE SERGEANT TASTED -
WHAT LITTLE POISON THAT MELTED WAS
AT THE BOTTOM! WHEN WARD DRANK
IT, MORE POISON HAD MELTED. PRUSSIC
ACID ACTS IN A SPLIT SECOND!



YOU HEARD CORNELL ADMIT
QUANTO PLUTHE ICE CUBES
IN THE GLASS. IT WAS EASY
FOR QUANTO TO TAKE THE
PLACE OF THE REAL BUT-
LER, WHO HAD BEEN
KIDNAPPED OR
MURDERED! HE
CAN TELL YOU!

WHERE TO NOW,
HOURMAN? WHAT'S
THE RUSH?

WE'VE GOT AN APPOINT-
MENT WITH THE READERS
OF ADVENTURE COMICS
NEXT MONTH IN A 622-
PAGE SHAPPY SIXTY-
MINUTE EPISODE...
AND I DON'T WANT
ANY OF THEM TO
MISS IT!



BERNARD
BARRY

FUNNY FACE

by Eric Carter

THE air was thin and sharp, and young Manuel drank deeply of it, for he was a native, not a tourist. To the latter, it would feel like a knife in the ribs, and there would be difficulty breathing until one became accustomed to it. But not young Manuel. Proudly, he prodded the ancient Andean llama up the slope that lead to the mine, some 10,000 feet in the sky, set on one of those plateaus over which the visitor never fails to marvel.

Young Manuel was very happy. Today he was going to work again, take the place of his grandfather, the aging Jose who, with Boy of Fury, was quite a fixture around the mine of the Americanos.

The work wasn't difficult. Boy of Fury, who now plodded patiently and sure footed up the steep incline toward the plateau was used to carry, in two small baskets which hung from his sides, mineral deposits to Mr. Fletcher, who worked in a shack at the far end of the mine property.

★ ★ ★

He had been there a year now, this young Mr. Fletcher, and the natives knew him well. They also were a little afraid of him, in their superstitious way, because of the mysterious things which went on behind the door of his shack. Manuel was not afraid of Mr. Fletcher. He had liked the Americano ever since Mr. Fletcher had said he might take his grandfather's place when old Jose felt the pains in the leg, such as now. In Mr. Fletcher, young Manuel had gained a friend, he had made an enemy in Pratt, the mine overseer, whose job it was to superintend the native

labor.

Manuel sighed now, idly tickled the ear of Boy of Fury. There was a suddenly convulsive movement as Boy of Fury tried to roll Manuel off his back. In an instant, holding on for dear life, his hands around the enraged llama's neck, Manuel tried to placate him, making profuse apologies in Spanish. He was rewarded by feeling the llama's easy gait again.

Wiping the perspiration from his face, Manuel sat back. That had been a narrow escape. Grandfather had warned him about making Boy of Fury angry, or even teasing him. The old beast could be very nasty when angry. Manuel recalled to his sorrow. Ticking the creature's ear had been bad enough. Manuel shivered as he thought of another thing that had frequently enraged Boy of Fury until Jose had put a stop to Manuel's teasing by allowing the beast to do what he would.

They were at the mine now. Pratt, big and sullen, was standing before the shaft entrance as Manuel came up. There was hostility in his eyes as he surveyed boy and beast. "Where's your grandfather?" he demanded truculently. "Drunk again?"

Manuel's cheeks flamed. "He is ill." To keep from saying more, words that might be said in anger, he pointed to a pile of mineral deposits. "That I should take to Senor Fletcher?" he asked.

Pratt glowered at him. "Yes," he grumbled, "every bit of it. And see that it's done today. Or you won't get paid." His eyes sparkled toward Boy of Fury, who was eyeing him. "And keep the ill-smelling, filthy beast out of my way." He turned on his heels and headed into the mine shaft.

Manuel was a good worker. Quickly, he loaded Boy of Fury's sides with the queer rocks Mr. Fletcher was always asking for and, as he worked, he felt happier. He had never seen Mr. Fletcher for some months. Old Jose had said the Americano had flown back to his native country on one of those immense silver birds. But now, he had returned.

Mr. Fletcher was working at the long table, with the queer bottles and glass tubes which Manuel arrived with his burden. Manuel saw him through the window and, obeying Jose's past instructions, did not make his presence known. Mr. Fletcher did not like to be spoken to. He liked to speak first, especially if he were busy.

★ ★ ★

It wasn't until Manuel's trip that Mr. Fletcher spoke to him. And it was more than a word. Manuel, struggling with a heavy basket of mineral deposits, felt himself suddenly propelled forward as Mr. Fletcher slapped him on the back. The basket of minerals popped from his hand. Boy of Fury trumpeted in glee.

But Mr. Fletcher did not laugh. He caught Manuel, the boy was about to fall. "I'm sorry, Manuel," he said, "didn't mean to slap so hard. Just thought I'd surprise you."

Manuel smiled happily, rubbing his back. "It is nice to see you have returned."

Mr. Fletcher laughed. He wondered what happened to you, Manuel. I wanted to see you before I left. For good. He sighed and, for the first time, Manuel noticed the tired lines on his friend's face. "My work is done here."

"You are leaving, Senor?" Manuel looked at him in surprise. "That is too bad!" He really looked crestfallen. Perhaps it was this that caused Mr. Fletcher to laugh again and to say: "Manuel, why don't you have supper here with me, tonight? In my shack? When you have finished your work."

Happiness radiated from Manuel's face. Eat with Senor Fletcher? There was nothing he would rather do! But now there was work to be done, lots of it.

* * *

The afternoon sped by rapidly and, as the first purple shadows of evening traced the sky, Manuel happily packed the last of his loads. Mr. Fletcher had said it wouldn't be necessary to finish the pile, but Manuel, remembering Pratt's warning, decided to cart the rest of the mineral deposits to the shack.

He looked up now, wondering whether Pratt was behind the door marked "Office." The native miners and workers had gone home. Boy of Fury pawed the ground impatiently as Manuel shoveled the last load of rock. The ancient llama had an uncanny sense of time, Manuel knew. In just a little while, Boy of Fury would be very angry. And it would serve him right, almost pitching his friend, Manuel, to the ground. Let him wait for his meal.

Manuel could almost feel the llama's anger as the beast plodded along in the twilight. It was getting quite dark now, but Manuel was unafraid. Boy of Fury knew every step of the way so many hundreds of trips and he made between mine and shack.

* * *

He trumpeted restlessly, as though chiding Manuel for keeping him away from forage. The boy smiled. "So," he said softly, "you would play the nasty trick on Manuel."

There was a light in Mr. Fletcher's shack, and the win-

dow was open. In his mind's eye, Manuel could almost smell the delicacies he was sure Mr. Fletcher would be preparing.

Sliding from the llama's back, Manuel hurriedly relieved the beast of its burden. The llama looked at Manuel, waiting for him to clamber back. "Ah no," Manuel said. "Tonight you wait." He started to make a face at the beast, then caught himself! That would have been fatal—!

Manuel knocked at the door to Mr. Fletcher's shack. A gruff voice told him to come in. That had not sounded like Mr. Fletcher! He went in.

A strong hand, around his throat, caused him to gasp. His startled eyes saw that the owner of the hand was Mr. Pratt, the overseer! And, seated in a chair, his face white and drawn, was Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Pratt was aiming a gun at him, while with the other hand, he held Manuel.

"So," Pratt said. "You too, huh?" His grasp tightened as Manuel struggled.

* * *

Mr. Fletcher spoke. "You don't have to hurt the boy, Pratt. He knows nothing."

"I wonder," Pratt's eyes were pin pointed, hard. His thick lips were set in a brutal face. Manuel, faint with the force of Pratt's hold, stared at his captor. A slight breeze came through the opened window. Manuel screamed out with pain as Pratt's fingers suddenly dropped to his arm, twisted it.

"Did Fletcher ever say anything to you about a formula he was working on?" Pratt demanded. He kept the gun pointed on Mr. Fletcher.

"No," Manuel gasped. "No." His youthful mind tried to grasp the meaning of the scene. He knew his friend was in great danger, even himself. But what could a little boy do against a man so loco?

Pratt's body stiffened as a shadow appeared at the window. An ancient snout pressed inquisitively into the room.

Pratt's tension lessened as he saw the old llama, who had wandered by, wondering what had happened to young Manuel.

And Manuel? His heart suddenly leaped. Never had he been so happy to see Boy of Fury. Manuel's face contorted in a horrible grimace. Instantly, the llama's eyes flamed. Then, a stream of saliva, directed with force and accuracy darted toward Manuel, who suddenly twisted from Pratt's hold.

* * *

Pratt, taken by surprise, turned. The stream struck him full in the face as the gun went off. In a flash, Mr. Fletcher had leaped from his chair, picked up a long glass tube. It shattered into a million pieces as it struck Pratt's head. The big man went down without a murmur.

Mr. Fletcher was breathing heavily as he finished tying up the overseer. But he was smiling, looking at Manuel, who was fondling the head of the now placated llama "Manuel," he said. "You'll never know what you've done. Pratt is a spy, he was after something my country needs." He shook his head. "I sure owe you and Boy of Fury a debt of gratitude. I can't figure out how that llama happened to do that."

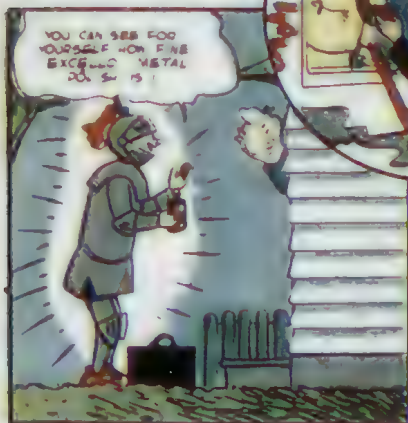
* * *

Manuel laughed. "It is the one thing he hates, Senor," he said happily. "The making of a funny face. It is the way I used to tease him. See?"

Mr. Fletcher grabbed Manuel's arm. "No more faces," he said. "Next time, maybe Boy of Fury won't miss."

the end

GAGS



Another Big Issue of ALL-STAR

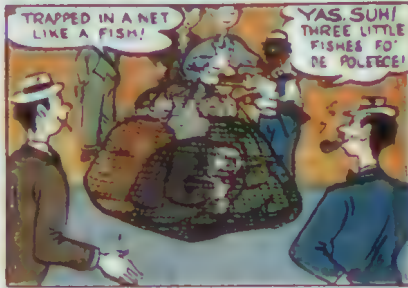
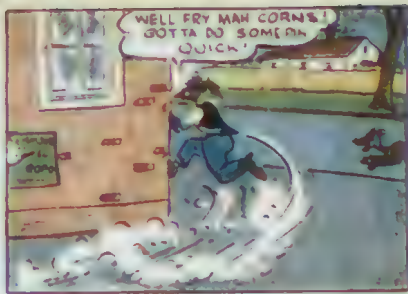
FEATURING
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ANOTHER AT CAMARION TO THE OTHER HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!

SUPERMAN • BATMAN • THE FLASH • GREEN LANTERN



GENIUS JONES

BY STAN KAYE
AND ALFRED
DEFTER

WE WENT DOWN TO
GENIUS JONES'
INFORMATION BOOTH THE
OTHER DAY AND HANDED
OVER A DIME BECAUSE
WE WERE GOING TO ASK
A QUESTION.
WE ASKED
"WHAT'S ALL THIS WE
HEAR ABOUT YOU AND
THAT GUY?"
GENIUS SAID
"WHAT GUY?"
WE ANSWERED
"THE CRAZY GUY WHO
LIKES TO SLAP
HIM!"
GENIUS SAID
"OH---YOU MEAN
"THE CASE OF THE
SLAP-HAPPY JAFFY!"



WHEN I OPENED MY
BOOTH ONE MORNING
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH
JUST ANOTHER ORDINARY
DAY WAS STARTING



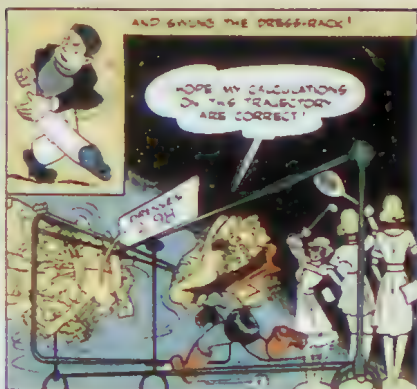
"MR. JONES!
GENIUS
JONES!
THANK YOU
STAYS HE FOUND
YOU!"



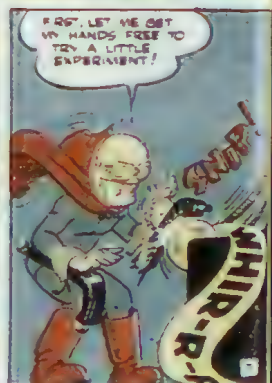
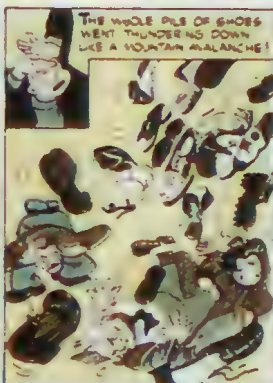
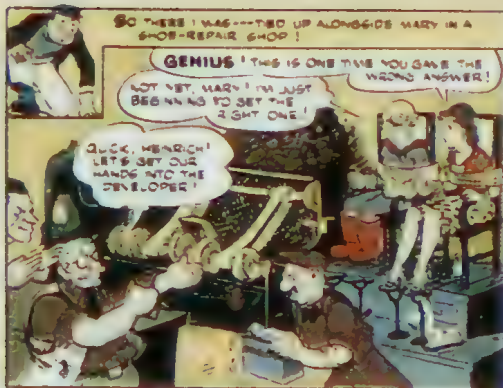
"I'VE BEEN UP HALF THE
NIGHT CARVING THIS FOR
MY GIRL BUT NOW I'M
STUCK. I CAN'T
THINK OF A
GUY FOR
FANAT!"











AS THE THREE THUGS CHARGED I
SNATCHED UP A BOX OF SHells!

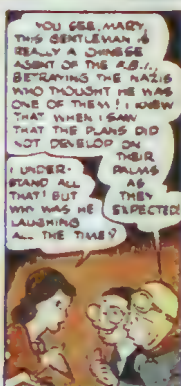
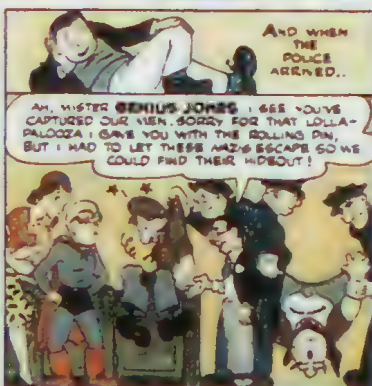
COME RIGHT AHEAD, FOLKS! YOU
OUGHT TO KNOW GENIUS
JONES FIGHTS WITH BEANS...
NOT BRAINS!

QUICK!
GET
- IT!

ACH! HE HAS
ALL OUR AMMU-
NITION. HE WILL
SHOOT US DOWN
LIKE DOGS IF
WE DON'T
SET HIM!

I UTILIZED AN ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLE
OF CENTRIFUGAL FORCE

HEREBY MY OWN GENTLE
WAY OF BRUSHING OFF
YOU NASTY PEOPLE!



THE

SHINING KNIGHT



FROM OUT OF A FORGOTTEN AGE GALLOPS A FANTASTIC FIGURE ASTRIDE A MILK-WHITE WINGED STEED. A KNIGHT SHEATHED FROM HEAD TO TOE IN DAZZLING GOLDEN ARMOR - A WARRIOR FROM KING ARTHUR'S DAY WHO HAS WON HIS SPURS IN A TOURNAMENT WITH TIME.

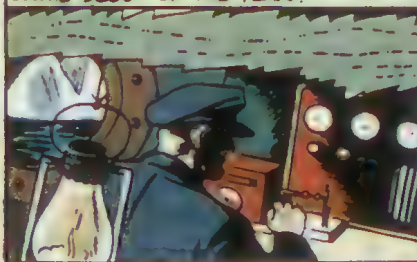
HE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF! AND THROUGH AN INCREDIBLE FREAK OF FATE, THIS "SHINING KNIGHT" HAS BARTERED ANCIENT ENGLAND'S ROBBER-RIDDEN WOODS FOR THE CROOK-INFESTED SKYSCRAPERS OF MODERN-DAY AMERICA! WITH SILVER-TIPPED LANCE, WITH METAL-SHEARING SWORD, THIS CHAMPION FROM THE DAYS OF YORE CRACKS DOWN AGAINST VANDALS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

BUT WHAT IS THE OUTCOME OF HIS JOUST WITH A ROBBER BARON FROM HIS OWN OWN, WIZARD-HAUNTED TIME?

THAT MAKES A TALE RIGHT WORTH THE TELLING... AND HERE IT IS...

"THE BLACK BARON"!

IN THE CABIN OF A LUGGER ROCKING AT ANCHOR ON WATERS OFF THE COAST OF MAINE TREMBLING FINGERS TAP OUT A CODE MESSAGE... THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!



...AND HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY... IN THE CITY ROOM OF NEW YORK'S LEADING DAILY...

CHIEF, LISTEN TO WHAT'S COMING IN ON THE WIRE

WHAT'S UP?



BOYS, LYNTON JAMES'S SHOT
IN A YARN ABOUT SOME KNIGHT
GUY FROZEN IN AN ICEBERG?
I'M SENDING EVERY AVAILABLE
REPORTER AND CAMERAMAN
OUT ON THE JOB!

SOME SCOOP!!
WE'LL TRIPLE OUR
CIRCULATION!



ABOARD HIS LUGGER JAMES
WELCOMES THE NEWSMEN WHO
HAVE RACED TO THE SCENE...

WHERE'S
THIS
KNIGHT?

IF
THIS
IS A
GAG...

TAKE IT EASY,
BOYS. HERE'S
THE STORY.
WHILE I WAS
TAKING A
LITTLE TRIP I
SAW AN ICEBERG.



JAMES UNFOLDS A YARN AS
FANTASTIC AS ANY LEGEND OF
OLDEN TIMES

THE ICEBERG SPLIT OPEN AND
THERE HE WAS! AND NOW I'LL
SHOW YOU WHAT I FOUND IN
THE ICEBERG!

THIS HAD
BETTER BE
GOOD!



BELOW DECKS FLOCK THE SKEPTICAL BUT EAGER NEWSMEN
TO BEHOLD AN AMAZING SIGHT!

THIS IS WHAT
I FOUND! HE'S
RESTING NOW!

BOY WHAT A
PICTURE THIS'LL
MAKE!

NOW ANOTHER
SHINING KNIGHT
FOUND!



LATER AS LYNTON'S BOAT SETS A
COURSE FOR HOME...

WELL THAT'S THAT. THIS JOB
SHOULD GET ME ENOUGH DOUGH
TO PUT ME ON EASY STREET!



ABRUPTLY...AN IRON-GAUNTLETED FIST THUDS DOWN...

UGGH!



AND TOPPLES THE SCOOP REPORTER TO A WATERY
2000

MURDERED BY A MAILED FIST!
WHAT? THE ANSWER LIES
FATHOMS DEEP...ON LPS SEALED
FOREVER BY THE SEA!



NEXT MORNING
FLARING HEADLINES
SHOUT THE FANTASTIC
"DINGS"

THE GLOBE
**FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-
YEAR-OLD KNIGHT
FOUND SEALED IN
ICEBERG!**
SIR MALCOLM TELLS OF
LIFE IN KING ARTHUR'S
TIME.
**LYNTON JANE
KNIGHT'S DIS-
CO-ERER,!!
MISSING!!**
FBI--MURDER TAKING
WAGON TO
VACATION

THINK OF IT.
ONE OF
THOSE OLD
KNIGHTS
COMING TO
LIFE AFTER
CENTURES
HAVE GONE
BY

IMAGINE,
SLEEPING IN
AN ICEBERG.
THE COLD
JUST
PRESERVED
HIM...AND NOW
HE'S ALIVE

THROUGH TOWERING CANYONS OF STEEL AND
STONE...DOWN CROWD-THROBBER THOROUGH
FARES--SIR MALCOLM RIDES INTO THE BIG CITY
N. 12 J.M.P.H.



"POOR SIR MALCOLM"
HE'S BEWILDERED"

IT'S NO JOKE
TO WAKE UP IN
ANOTHER AGE,
MAYOR JONES

METHINKS THESE
MODERN TOWERS
MAKE OUR ANCIENT
CASTLES SEEM
LIKE ANT-HILLS

LATER, SIR MALCOLM BROADCASTS
GREETINGS TO HIS NEW PEOPLE...

HO! I TENDER GREETINGS TO ALL
OF THIS CENTURY...



AMONG THE FASCINATED MILLIONS
LISTENING IN ARE JUSTIN AND
PROFESSOR MORSEBY...

...AND
SO FOR
THE
PRESENT
FARE YE
WELL

WELL JUSTIN
LOOKS AS
THOUGH
YOU'VE FOUND
A FRIEND
FROM OLD
TIMES EH?

AND A MAN
AFTER MY OWN
HEART! ONE
WOULD EXPECT
HIM TO BE
SCARED BUT
HE WAS TAKEN
IN A TRUE
KNIGHT'S SPIRIT

JUSTIN, WHY
THE CHANGE IN
COSTUME? ON
THE TRAIL OF
SOME
CRIMINAL?

NOT THIS TIME! I WOULD
HAVE TALK WITH THIS SIR
MALCOLM...I AM MOST
EAGER TO MEET HIM



AND SO THE SHINING KNIGHT GOES FORTH TO A
STRANGE GET-TOGETHER WITH A COMRADE IN ARMS
FROM HIS OWN AGE

THE SHINING KNIGHT GRABS A CAB

WHERE TO PAL?
I WOULD HAVE PASSAGE TO THE HOTEL-EXCELS-OR



WHAT'S THAT?
GOSH, IT'S ANOTHER OF THOSE KNIGHTS WHICH ONE ARE YOU BROTHER?

I AM THE SHINING KNIGHT!
BUT COME BROTHER DRIVER GET THIS LAZY CHARGE-I AM IN HASTE



IN THE ELEVATOR OF THE HOTEL...

THE SHINING KNIGHT
WHICH FLOOR BUDDY?
AUGHT ME AT THE CHAMBER OF SR MALCOLM BY MY TROTH BUT THIS RYNG CAGE SOARS ALOFT AS SWIFTLY AS WINGED VICTORY



MOMENTS LATER, THE SHINING KNIGHT STRIDES INTO SR MALCOLM'S LUXURY SUITE...

HAIL, SIR MALCOLM, HAIL RIGHT GLAD AM I TO MEET WITH THEE

ER, HAIL ST THEE DOWN BUT TELL ME WHO ARE YOU?



THEN I THEE ADE KNOW ME AS THE SHINING KNIGHT BUT I AM AFRE WITH EAGERNESS TO HEAR TONGS OF KING ARTHUR... TELL ME NOW HAS HIS MAJESTY?

KING ARTHUR? ER I LEFT HIM IN GOOD HEALTH



SIR MALCOLM QUICKLY ENDS THE INTERVIEW

BUT WE HAVE HARDLY TALKED THERE ARE A THOUSAND THINGS I WOULD HAVE YOU TELL ME I AM HOMESICK FOR NEWS OF MY OWN TIMES

SOME OTHER DAY PERHAPS, BUT I AM VERY BUSY NOW... GOOD DAY, SIRE

HM... THIS IS STRANGE HE HAS FINISHED THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE AND HE WAS SMOKING SMOOTH BUT THIS SR MALCOLM LEARNS MODERN MANNERS SPEEDILY

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE OTHER GENTLEMAN FROM THE PAST BARES STRANGE ORDERS INTO A PHONE

SHORTLY... STEEN... SHADOW THIS SHINING KNIGHT GUY AND... ER YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO



HEARD WORDS NEEDED FOR A KNIGHT FROM ANCIENT ENGLAND MAYBE SR MALCOLM'S PAST SENT SO FAR BACK AFTER ALL WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THE SHINING KNIGHT FANCIES A SUBWAY RIDE

OFTEN HAVE I WONDERED ABOUT THESE ROARING UNDERGROUND CARRIAGES! YET THINKS I'LL GIVE IT A FLING!



THE MAN OF YESTERDAY FINDS THE TRAIN ALMOST EMPTY...

YOU THE SHINING KNIGHT?

YES, MY FRIEND! TELL ME...AM I VOYAGING RIGHT FOR THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM?

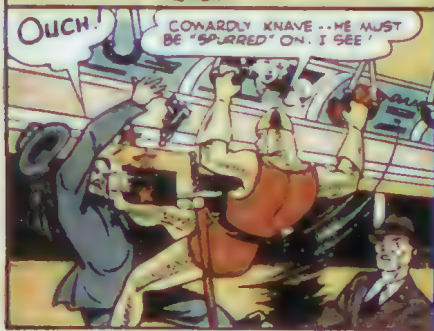
YOU'RE TRAVELING RIGHT, BUT...



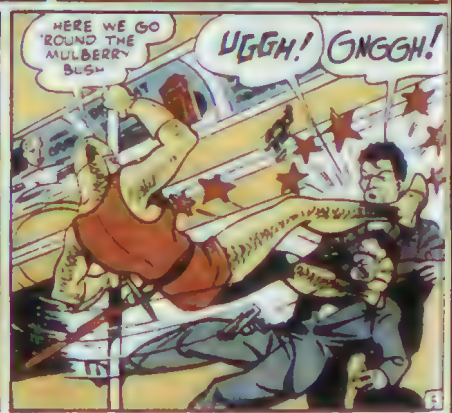
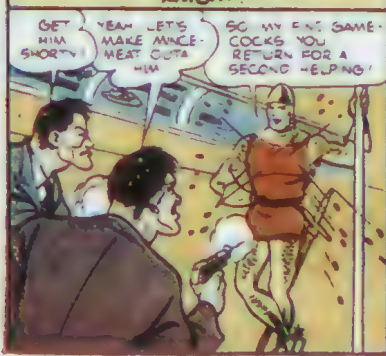
...BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE! HANDS UP!! AND DON'T TRY NO MONKEY TRICKS!

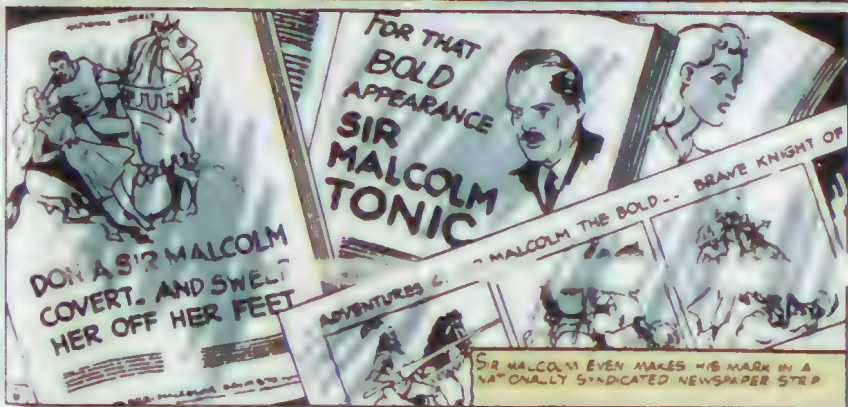


BUT THREATS ARE A CHALLENGE TO THE SHINING KNIGHT--A CLARON CALL TO DYNAMO-POWERED ACTION!



BUT THE THUGS REFORM THEIR RANKS AND MAKE A FRONTAL ATTACK ON THE SHINING KNIGHT!





IN HIS LUXURY SUITE HEADQUARTERS THE GANGSTER BARON PLANS THE PROLOGUE TO HIS FINAL PLUNDER COUP!

LISTEN BOYS I WANT TO BE KNOWN AS A HERO SEE I'VE A DINNER DATE TONIGHT WITH ROGER BARCLAY THE MILLIONAIRE I'M TAKING HIS DAUGHTER EVE TO THE THEATRE...

WE GET YOU BOSS... WE GRAB THE GRL... YOU RESCUE HER



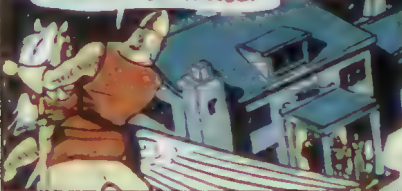
GENT AND JUSTA READER'S HIS MIRACLE STEED...

AM BUT IT'S THE WE RODE THE SKIES AGAIN, EH WINGED VICTORY? I HAVE AN A NOTION... WE WILL VISIT THE FAIR EVE



BRAVELY HE GALLOPS THROUGH THE CLOUDS... BUT HIS HOPES ARE DASHED TO THE GROUND

I YEARN FOR SIGHT OF HER BEAUTY... WHY THERE SHE IS... AND ESCORTED BY THAT DASTARDLY SIR MALCOLM!



SUDDENLY A SLEEK LAMOUSNE SLIDES LIKE SOME GIANT CAT FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE DRIVEWAY

BEST COME QUELLY SISTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU

WHY... YOU...



BUT A NEW CHAMPION HAS ARISEN... SIR MALCOLM THE BOLD!

HAVE AT THEE, BASE KNAVES... HAVE AT THEE

UGGH



THEN FROM THE SKY ITSELF, A WINGED STEED AND ITS DAZZLING RIDER "THUNDERBOLT" INTO THE VERY THICK OF THE FRAY

NO FOR ARTHUR RIGHT GOODY WILL I BASTE YE

HELP!

THIS AINT ON THE CARDS!

I'M SCRAMMING OUTA HERE!



IT'S TOO CROWDED FOR CAVALRY! I CAN BEST FIGHT AFOOT! TAKE THAT, THOU SCURVY KNAVE



SEE... DOUBLE YOUR WEAPONS

BULLETS AINT NO GOOD AGAINST THIS GUY!



LIKE RABBITS, THE TIGHTS SCATTER FOR THE SHELTER OF THEIR CAR!

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT FELLOW--I'VE GOT TO! IF HE GETS THOSE BOYS, THEY'LL SQUEAL FOR SURE!



SIR MALCOLM "HELPS OUT" -- HIMSELF!

AFTER THEM... AFTER THEM...

I'LL SEND YE LING FROM LI... UGH!



STUNNED BY HIS CLANGING FALL TO THE GROUND, THE SHINING KNIGHT COMES TO A FEW MINUTES LATER... BUT THE BIRDS HAVE FLOWN!

ARE... ARE YOU HURT? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

W-WHAT HAPPENED? I MUST HAVE STUMBLER...

'T WAS MY FAULT, SIR KNIGHT! IN THE HEAT OF THE CHASE, I TRIPPED YOU!



YOU BOTH DID SPLENDIDLY! PLEASE ACCEPT THESE KERCHIEFS AS A SMALL REWARD FOR YOUR VALOR!

THANK THEE, FAIR LADY! ALL MY LIFE WILL I TREASURE YOUR GIFT!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ROBBER BARON...

WELL, BOYS, IN SPITE OF THE SHINING KNIGHT, IT WORKED... I'M IN SOLID WITH OLD MAN BARCLAY! AND THIS AFTERNOON I GET MY PLAN ROLLING!

NICE WORK, CHIEF!



THAT AFTERNOON, SIR MALCOLM CONFERS WITH ROGER BARCLAY.

...SO YOU WANT ME TO PUT UP THE MONEY FOR YOUR "WORLD OF THE FANTASY" EN? WELL...

ON FATHER, IT'S GREAT! SIR MALCOLM'S GOING TO HAVE KING ARTHUR AND THE ROUND TABLE... AND ON EVERYTHING!

THINK OF THE ADVERTISING, MR. BARCLAY! WHY, FOR \$100,000 YOU'LL BE IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE BIGGEST THING IN YOUR CAREER!



VERY WELL, IT'S A DEAL, SIR MALCOLM! AND I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO YOU FOR HELPING TO SAVE EVE LAST NIGHT!



BUT ROGER BARCLAY IS NOT THE ONLY MILLIONAIRE ON SIR MALCOLM'S LIST OF VICTIMS!

MR. BENSON, THE GOOD NAME OF YOUR FINE FOODS WILL INCREASE A HUNDRED-FOLD WHEN IT IS KNOWN THAT YOU AND ROGER BARCLAY HAD THE WISDOM TO SPONSOR THIS VENTURE!

I'LL WRITE A CHECK IMMEDIATELY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, SIR MALCOLM
SITS IN THE OFFICE OF YET
ANOTHER WEALTHY MAN!

SIR MALCOLM'S
VENTURE MAKES
THE FRONT PAGE!

HERE'S MY CHECK FROM BARCLAY.
I HAVE CHOSEN YOU AS MY ONLY
OTHER SECRET PARTNER... BUT
YOU MUST TELL
NO ONE!

COUNT ME IN!

— GLOBE —
**ROGER BARCLAY
BACKS GIANT
"WORLD OF THE
PAST FAIR"**
SINGLE PARTNER'S
NAME KEPT SECRET...
TO BE REVEALED ON
OPENING NIGHT...

AND DURING THAT AFTERNOON,
THE BLACK BARON INTERVIEWS
SIX OTHER MILLIONAIRES PRETENDING
TO EACH THAT HE ALONE WILL BE
THE PARTNER OF THE FAMOUS
ROGER BARCLAY!

THE GREAT DAY DAWNS... THE MOST
PAGEANT OF THE PAST IN ALL HISTORY'S
OPENED!

BOY OH, BOY...
TO THINK I AM
THE ONLY ONE
IN ON THIS
WITH ROGER
BARCLAY!

I AM
MADE
FOR
LIFE!

AM I GLAD
I'M BARCLAY'S
ONLY
PARTNER!

THE
HIGH-
LIGHT
OF MY
WHOLE
CAREER!

A GAY FANFARE OF TRUMPETS... AND IN
DRANCES... THE BOLD KNIGHT OF OLD
ON THE BACK OF A SPIRITED CHARGER!

FLING WIDE THE GATES! I MYSELF
WILL LEAD YOU TO THE SPLENDORS
OF THE ROUND TABLE!



WONDEROUS PORTALS SWING OPEN AND THE EAGER
PEOPLE FLOCK INTO A DARKENED AMPHITHEATRE

THIS
IS
EXCITING!

WONDER
WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN
NEXT?

IT'S ONE
SURPRISE
AFTER
ANOTHER!

THIS
WAY,
PLEASE!



LIGHTS BLAZE ON, AND THE SUDDEN GLARE REVEALS
...NOTHING! AND THE DUPES OF THE BLACK
BARON'S PLUNDER PLAN STARE DUMFOUNDED!

WHY, IT'S
EMPTY!
THERE'S NOTHING
THERE AT ALL! I
PAID A HUNDRED
BUCKS FOR THIS!

SO DID
I!

AND
I!

AND
I,
TOO!

WE'VE
BEEN
FOOLED!



THE NEXT MOMENT, CAPSULES OF
SLEEPING GAS ARE HURLED INTO THE HUGE
CHAMBER...

GAS-
IT'S GOT
ME.

FEEL
DROWSY.

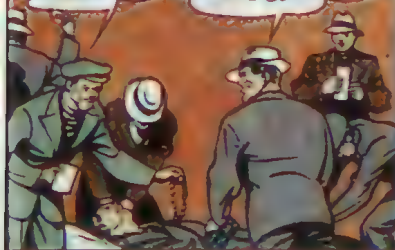
HELP!



MINUTES LATER, GIANT CONCEALED PUMPS
SLUCK OUT THE KNOCKOUT AIR... AND THE BLACK
BARON'S THUGS ENTER, TO STRIP THE GASSED
GUESTS OF THEIR VALUABLES

NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL A SWEET
HAUL!

YOU SAID IT! AND DON'T
FORGET THE CHECKS
MAL GOT!



DRUNK WITH VICTORY, THE BLACK BARON RUNS
A SNEERING CHALLENGE AT THE FEET OF HIS
REVIVING AUDIENCE

HA! HA! THIS IS MY NIGHT... I'LL FIGHT ANY-
BODY IN THE HOUSE! WHO AMONGST YOU IS
BOLD ENOUGH TO STAND AGAINST ME IN
COMBAT? NO! NO!



BUT, SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE
-GASSED SQUIRES THROWS
ASIDE HIS DISGUISE!

SURE, I
WILL
TAKE UP
THAT
CHALLENGE!

YOU! THE
SHINING
KNIGHT?



ANGER AND DESPAIR DRIVE THE
COWARDLY MALCOLM TO COMBAT

I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST,
SHINING KNIGHT!!



VIMBLY THE SHINING KNIGHT
STEPS ASIDE, DODGING THE
SEARCHING LANCE--P...
--"EEN WHISLES--SHARPLY"



THE SHRILL SUMMONS BRINGS A SWIFT ANSWER...
WINGED VICTORY!!



NOW, SIR MALCOLM--WE
MEET ON MORE EQUAL
TERMS!



IN A MORTUARY CHARGE, THE SHINING KNIGHT
TILTS AT SIR MALCOLM

CAUGHT FAIR AND SQUARE AMIDSHIPS, THE 'ROBBER
BARON' IS MOST PAINFULLY UNSEATED!

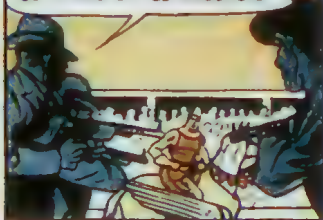
HAVE AT THEE -- BOLD ROBBER KNAVE! LET
US TEST THY SKILL AT THE JOUST!

OUCH! THOU ART IN MOST SORE NEED
OF PRACTICE, SIRRAH!



YOU MAY BE BULLETPROOF, MR.
KNIGHT... BUT YOUR PALS AIN'T!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE OR THERE'LL
BE A NICE LITTLE MASSACRE!

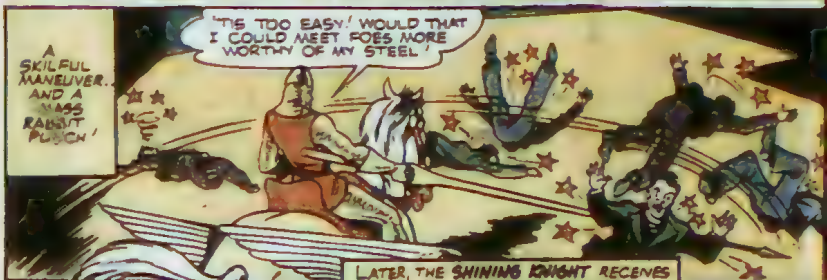
BUT THE MAN FROM YESTERDAY FINDS AN ANSWER EVEN
FOR THIS PROBLEM! HIS WRIST TWISTS DEFTLY -- HIS
SWORD FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR, AND...



ME' THINKS YOUR WEAPONS ARE NOW MORE
THAN A LITTLE USELESS!

A
SKILFUL
MANUEUVRE...
AND A
NICE
RABBIT
PUNCH!

'TIS TOO EASY! WOULD THAT
I COULD MEET FOES MORE
WORTHY OF MY STEEL!



LATER, THE SHINING KNIGHT RECEIVES
THE WARM THANKS OF GRATEFUL
MILLIONAIRES!

DRAWN BY THE SOUNDS OF CONFLICT,
POLICE RUSH INTO THE ARENA!

HERE IS YOUR
BOLD KNIGHT...
SIR CHIEF OF
POLICE!

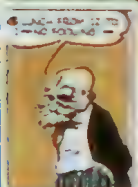
WHY, IT'S MAL
CUMMINGS! HE'S
WANTED FOR
MURDER A DOZEN
TIMES OVER!

WE DON'T KNOW
HOW TO THANK
YOU FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE! IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
WE CAN DO TO
REPAY YOU...

'TIS SIMPLE! GIVE
GENEROUSLY TO THE
MUNICIPAL MUSEUM...
THAT MEN MAY THERE
BEHOLD ALL THAT IS
GOOD AND NOBLE
OF THE PAST!



JOUST WITH
MODERN
KNAVES IN
EVERY ADVENTURE
OF THE SHINING
KNIGHT AS
A MAN FROM THE
ROUND TABLE
TAKES CRIME
FOR A MERRY
GO-ROUND
RIDE!



GROWING FAST!

GREEN ARROW SPEEDY!

ONE OF AMERICA'S FASTEST-GROWING FAST-ACTION FEATURES!

Also

AQUAMAN SPECTRE

AND OTHERS!

DON'T MISS IT!



Free for Asthma During Summer

Frontier Asthma Co. 400 Frontier Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.

Super-Wonder Packet Offered

Box 87-B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tattoo Teddy Bear Triangle

Box 100 D, Arlington, Va.

FREE! CHINESE BOMBER!

Box 604 D, Johnston, Pa.

GIVEN! MOTHER'S DAY DIAMOND

Box 100 D, Arlington, Va.

PANAMA "U. S. FLAG" STAMP

Box 100 D, Arlington, Va.

GIVEN! Giant & Midget TRIANGLES

Box 100 D, Arlington, Va.

POLISH "ANTI-HITLER" STAMP

Box 100 D, Arlington, Va.

FOR VICTORY



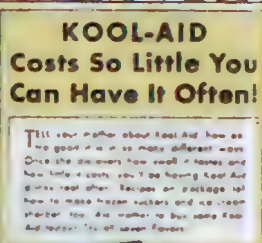
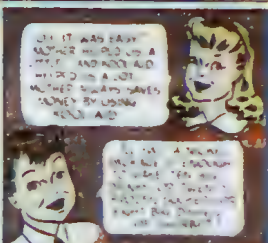
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!



AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...



BOYS! GIRLS! TRY KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes in five different flavors every one extra tasty and chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Koal-Aid Bubble Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long time. Remember that and get more fun for your money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum. PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. • CHICAGO

KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

Tell your mother about Koal Aid how so good it is in so many different ways. Once the children have read it, know and how little it costs, you'll be having Koal Aid often, real often. Samples or packages tell how to make happy visitors and as soon as they see the mother buy some Koal Aid, they'll be happy too.



MANHUNTER

A large, dynamic illustration of Manhunter, a man with a fierce expression, wearing a yellow and black striped suit and a red cape. He is holding a large, futuristic gun pointed upwards. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a smaller figure of a person running on a rooftop in the distance.

Out OF THE UNDERWORLD SPRINGS THE TIGER, TWO-LEGGED BEAST OF PREY, TO SURPASS IN SLY CUNNING AND SAVAGE CRUELTY HIS FEAR-SOME NAMESAKE OF THE JUNGLE... STRIKING WITHOUT WARNING, LEAVING DEATH AND TERROR BEHIND, HE AND HIS MERCILESS HENCHMEN SEEM IMMUNE TO CAPTURE... UNTIL MANHUNTER... THAT NEMESIS OF CRIME, WHO HAS TURNED FROM THE PURSUIT OF BIG GAME IN DISTANT LANDS TO THE PURSUIT OF THE BIGGEST OF ALL GAME IN THE CITIES OF HIS OWN COUNTRY... MAN... FOLLOWS A TRAIL OF HIGH TENSION PERIL THROUGH THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF "THE LADY AND THE TIGER."

By
JOE SIMON
AND
JACK KIRBY

Even
is
best by
a human
scourge
called the
"TIGER."

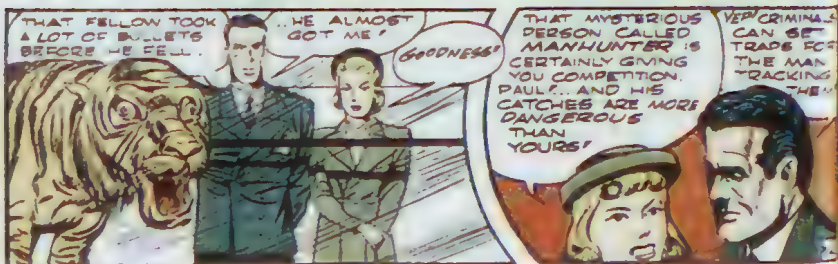
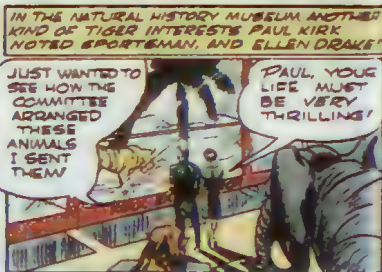
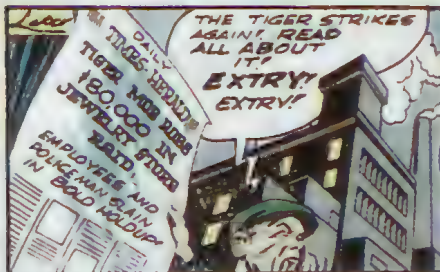
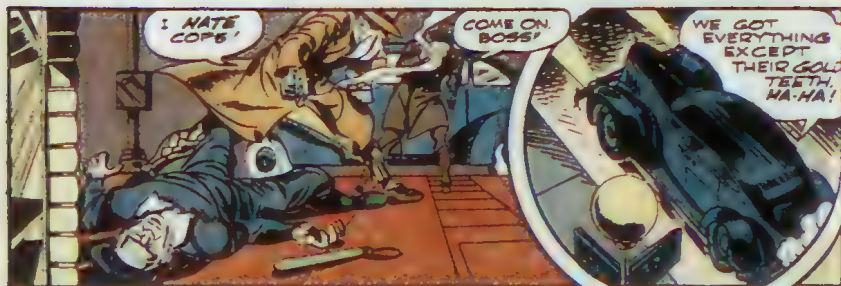
SAVAGE...
...CRUEL...
AND SWIFT
AS HIS BEASTLY
NAMESAKE
THE TIGER
STRIKES WITH
MERCILESS
FEROCITY
AT THE
CITY'S
MERCHANTS!

BOY!
WHAT A
HAUL!

REACH FOR
THE ALARM
BUTTON, WILL
YA?

THOMPSON'S
SERV.

UGH-NUM...



Meanwhile
IN THE
DRAKE
PENTHOUSE
ELLEN'S
FATHER,
THURSTON
DRAKE
EXAMINES
THE
JEWEL
COLLECTION
.....
WHICH IS
WORTH
WELL OVER
A
MILLION
DOLLARS

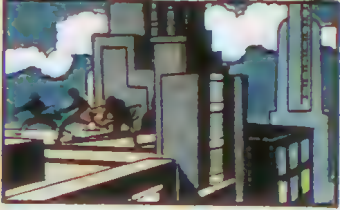


THEY'RE
BEAUTIFUL,
SIR!



COME ON, LET'S
SCRAM! GIVE THE
OLD MAN ANOTHER
BULLET! I THINK
HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

THEIR
BESTIAL
WORK DONE,
THE TIGER AND HIS GANG DIS-
APPEAR OVER A NEARBY ROOF!



FATHER!
PAUL!
SOME-
THING
HAPPENED
TO FATHER



PEARLS..
COLLECTION..
STOLEN..
TIGER..
...I... BAW and STUB..
I...

FATHER
...
FATHER
?!

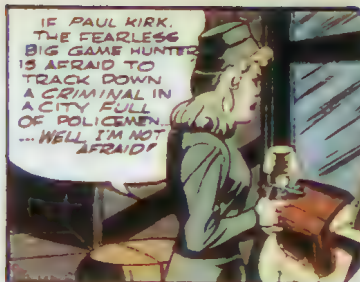


THE
TIGER,
ENP

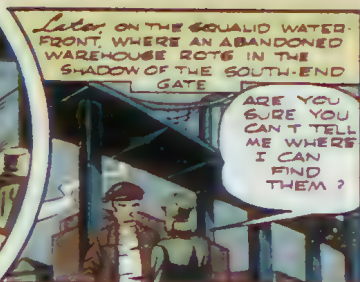


I'M GOING
AFTER
THE
BEASTS
WHO
KILLED
MY FATHER!

But
THAT
EVENING
ELLEN
WAS
OVERCOME
BY
HER
GRIEF
AND IS
SEIZED
BY A
DESIRE
FOR
REVENGE!



IF PAUL KIRK,
THE FEARLESS
BIG GAME HUNTER
IS AFRAID TO
TRACK DOWN
A CRIMINAL IN
A CITY FULL
OF POLICEMEN.
...WELL, I'M NOT
AFRAID!

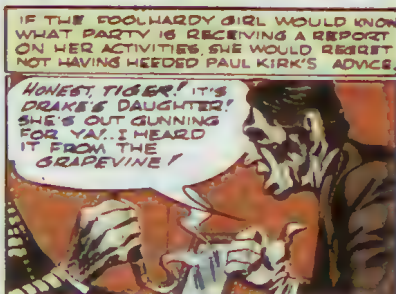


Later on the squalid water-
front, where an abandoned
warehouse rots in the
shadow of the south-end
gate

ARE YOU
SURE YOU
CAN'T TELL
ME WHERE
I CAN
FIND
THEM?

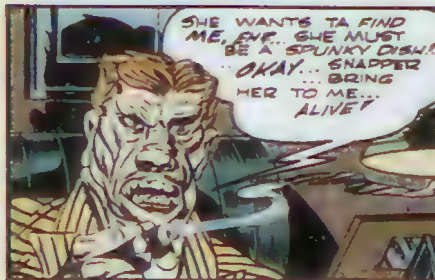


LISTEN, SISTER, EVEN
IF I COULD TELL YOU
WHERE TO FIND THE
TIGER, I WOULDN'T. THAT
GUYS
DYNAMITE
!!



IF THE FOOLHARDY GIRL WOULD KNOW
WHAT PARTY IS RECEIVING A REPORT
ON HER ACTIVITIES, SHE WOULD REGRET
NOT HAVING HEEDED PAUL KIRK'S ADVICE.

HONEST, TIGER! IT'S
DRAKE'S DAUGHTER!
SHE'S OUT GUNNING
FOR YA! I HEARD
IT FROM THE
GRAPEVINE!



SHE WANTS TO FIND
ME, EVE... SHE MUST
BE A SPUNKY DICK...
...OKAY... BRING
HER TO ME...
ALIVE!



MEANWHILE... THERE IS ANOTHER
WHO IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE
TIGER...

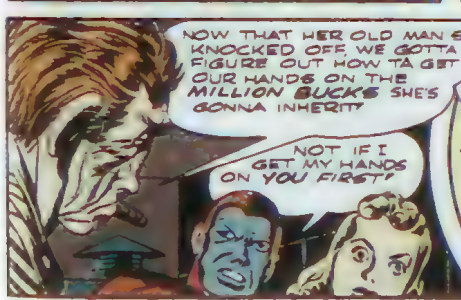
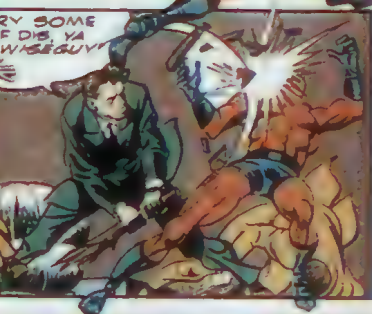


THE WATERFRONT
IS THE TIGER'S LAIR.. I'VE
JUST GOT TO GET
HIS SCENT.. WHAT...
...GAY.. THAT'S
A GIRL OUT
THERE!!



IT'S ELLEN
...AND THOSE
ARE THE
TIGER'S
MEN!

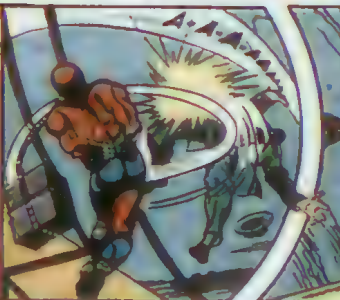
HELP
HELP
HELP



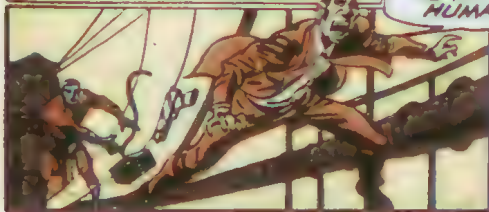
THE GANGSTERS ROUGHLY SEIZE THE BOUND MANHUNTER AND CARRY HIM THROUGH THE INTRICATE NETWORKS THAT SUPPORT THE SPAN OVER THE BLACK RIVER BELOW...



Facing ETERNITY, MANHUNTER AS A LAST RESORT, JUDGES THE WEIGHT OF THE CONCRETE BLOCK AND HURLES HIS ENTIRE STRENGTH INTO A LIGHTNING-QUICK ATTACK!



MANHUNTER SEVERS HIS BONDS ON A WIRE-CABLE WHILE THE THIRD HOODLUM FLEES IN FEAR...



TIGER! TIGER! HE'S FREE! HE AIN'T HUMAN!

WHAT A BATTERY OF GUNS?... I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

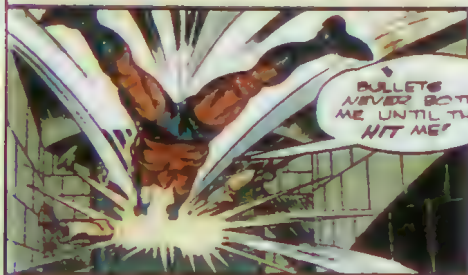


SORRY, BOYS! I HATE TO RUSS YOU!

YOU'RE QUITE A GUY, MANHUNTER... BUT YOU CAN'T LICK BULLETS!

OW!





BULLETS
NEVER BOTHER
ME UNTIL THEY
HIT ME!



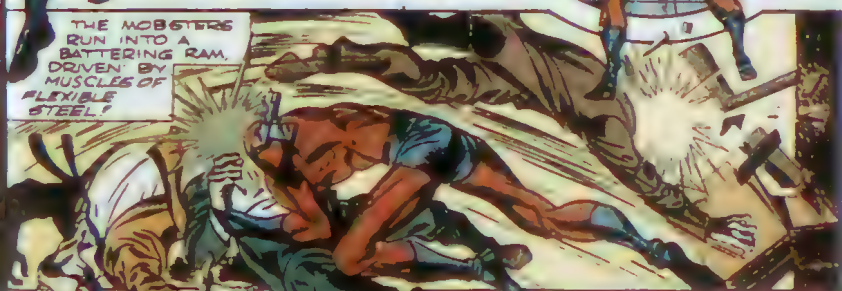
COME HERE
"TIGER."



... I'M GOING
TO TURN
YOU INTO A
KITTY!



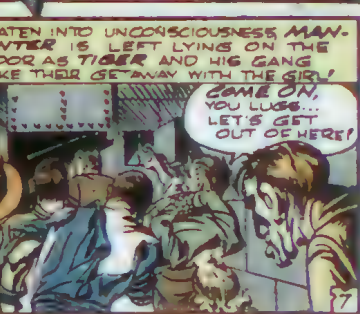
WELL! WELL!
SOME MORE GUESTS
FOR TEA,
I SEE!



THE MOBSTERS
RUN INTO A
BATTERING RAM,
DRIVEN BY
MUSCLES OF
FLEXIBLE
STEEL!



BUT
THE
TIGER'S
FRIENDS
ARE
LESSON...
MANHUNTER
IS SUDDENLY
BURIED
BENEATH
A
SMOTHER-
ING MASS
OF
STRIKING,
CRUSHING
HUMANITY

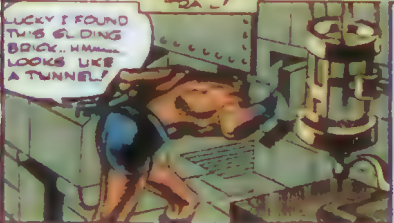


BEATEN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, MAN-
HUNTER IS LEFT LYING ON THE
FLOOR AS TIGER AND HIS GANG
MAKE THEIR GETAWAY WITH THE GIRL!

COME ON,
YOU LUGS...
LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!

MEANWHILE MANHUNTER RECOVERS FROM HIS COMA-LIKE STATE, AND STILL WEAK FROM THE SAVAGE BEATING HE INSTANTLY TAKES UP THE GANGSTERS' TRAIL!

LUCKY I FOUND THIS GLDING BRICK... HMM... LOOKS LIKE A TUNNEL!

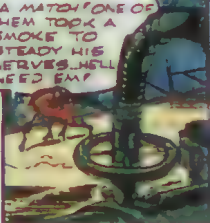


A FOOTPRINT! THEY WENT THIS WAY ALL RIGHT.

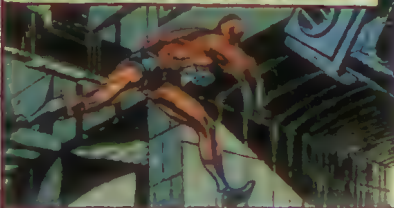


NO DETAIL ESCAPES THE SHARP VISION OF MANHUNTER!

A MATCH! ONE OF THEM TOOK A SMOKE TO STEADY HIS NERVES... HE'LL NEED EMP!



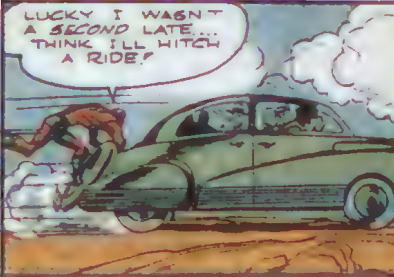
ALTHOUGH THE TUNNEL BRANCHES OFF IN THREE DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, MANHUNTER FOLLOWS HIS MINUTE CUES, KEEPING ON THE TRAIL...



THERE THEY GO! TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY, EH?



LUCKY I WASN'T A SECOND LATE... THINK I'LL HITCH A RIDE!



WELL, WELL! A POLICE STATION JUST AHEAD... NOW CONVENIENT!



Sniff... INSIDE THE CAR...

...THAT GLOVE... IT'S... IT IS MANHUNTER!

WHA...! SOMEONE'S TRYIN' TO WRECK US!



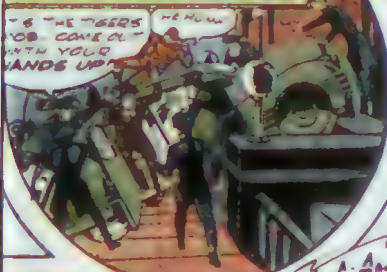
MANHUNTER SWERVES THE AUTO-MOBILE UP THE POLICE PRECINCT STEPS

HERE WE ARE! THE END OF THE LINE!

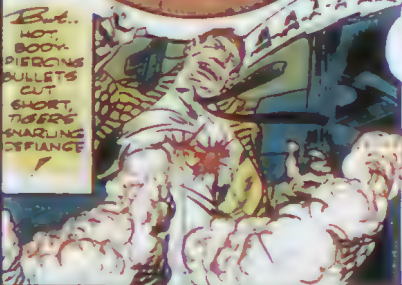


THE BEWILDERED BUT ENRAGED OCCUPANTS OF THE POLICE STATION SWARM OUTSIDE AND SURROUND THE TIGER'S CAR!

"S THE TIGERS
'OB COME AL-
WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!"

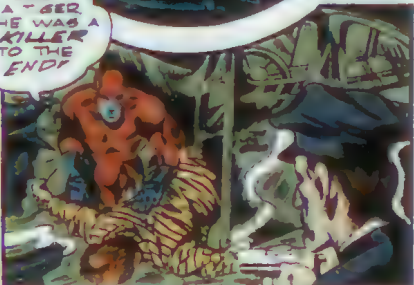


I'LL COME OUT... BUT I'M COMIN' OUT SHOOTIN'!



But...
HOT BOON
PIERCING
BULLETS
CUT
SHORT,
TIGER
SNARLING
DEFIANCE

LIKE
A TIGER
HE WAS A
KILLER TO THE
END!



MRS. DRAKE...
I HOPE YOU REALIZE
YOU BROUGHT THIS
ON YOURSELF!

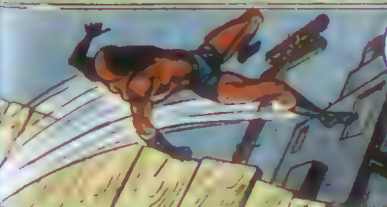
MANNHUNTER!
OH... PLEASE
UNTIE ME!



NOTHING DOING! I'LL
LEAVE THAT TO THE
POLICE! YOU MIGHT
GET SILLY NOTIONS
ABOUT
THANKING
ME...



WHILE THE POLICE BUSY THEMSELVES
WITH HAULING OFF THE TIGER'S MOB,
MANNHUNTER SLIPS AWAY... UNNOTICED!



THE NEXT DAY, ELLEN DRAKE LUNCES WITH
PAUL KIRK...

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN
MANNHUNTER... HE FOUGHT
THE ENTIRE GANG
SINGLEHANDED. HE
WAS WONDERFUL...
HE...

ER. AS A
FELLOW-MUNTER,
I WOULDN'T MIND
MEETING HIM SOME
DAY.
WARMUP!
BRO...



The SANDMAN

and **SANDY**
THE GOLDEN BOY

IN

THE STRANGE RIDDLE OF

**"THE MIRACLE
MAKER!"**

by
**JOE
SIMON
AND
JACK
KIRBY**

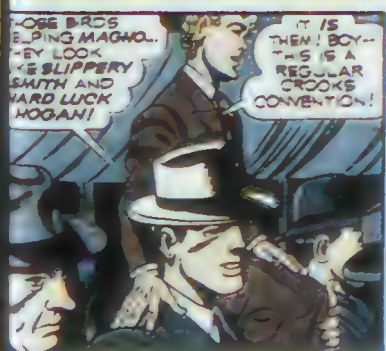
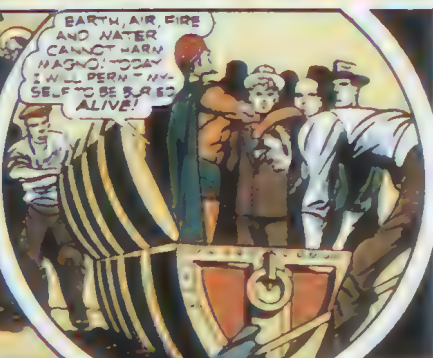
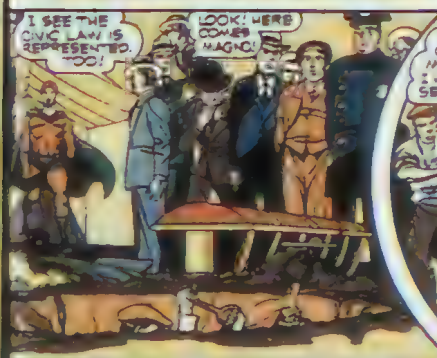
WORDED THAN
YOUR WILDEST
DREAMS ARE THE
SENSATIONAL FEATS
OF MAGNO THE
MYSTIC... AND FULLY
AS BARELY ARE
THE ALLOCOUS
CRIMES THAT TAKE
PLACE WHENEVER HE
ENACTS HIS MIRACLES
BEFORE WONDERING
WITNESSES BUT
NOTHING IS TOO
FANTASTIC FOR THOSE
FEARLESS AVENGERS
OF THE NIGHT.

**THE SANDMAN
and SANDY**

AND ONCE MORE THEY
FACE ALONG A DARK
AND DANGEROUS
ROAD ORIGHT ARE
ADVENTURE TO
SOLVE THE
STRANGE RIDDLE OF

**The MIRACLE
MAKER!**



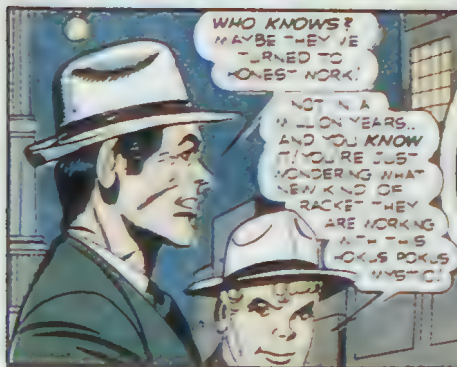




NOW MAGNO'S IN
THE CASKET, FOLKS!
AND IN SIX HOURS
HE'LL BE
ALIVE!

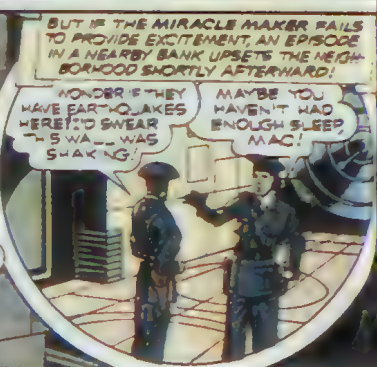
MAGNO MAY DEFEY ALL
NATURE... BUT I'M NOT
WAITING AROUND FOR
SIX HOURS
TO SEE HIM
DO IT!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT HIS
HELPER?



WHO KNOWS?
MAYBE THEY'VE
TURNED TO
HONEST WORK!

NOT IN A
MILLION YEARS..
AND YOU KNOW
IT! YOU'RE JUST
WONDERING WHAT
NEW KIND OF
RACKET THEY
ARE WORKING
AT - THIS
HOKUS FOKUS
MYSTIC!



BUT IF THE MIRACLE MAKER FAILS
TO PROVIDE EXCITEMENT, AN EPISODE
IN A NEARBY BANK UPSETS THE NEIGH-
BORHOOD SHORTLY AFTERWARD!

WONDER IF THEY
HAVE EARTHQUAKES
HERE? I'D SWEAR
THAT SWELL WAS
SHAKING!

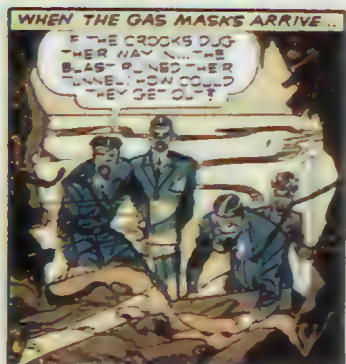
MAYBE YOU
HAVEN'T HAD
ENOUGH SLEEP,
MAC!



THE NEXT INSTANT...



POISON
GAS!
AHH-HH...





ENTERING MAGNO'S TENT, WE APPROACHES THE POLICEMAN ON GUARD...

OFFICER, I THINK YOU MEAN ON ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BANK?

YES, BOSS... DAT'S WHAT DEY ARE SAYING I'VE HANT US TA PULL YA UP OKAY!

BUT HE'S ONLY BEEN DOWN NO HOURS!



HE'S BEEN TALKING THROUGH THAT PHONE EVER SINCE THEY BURIED HIM!



IT'S MY HARD LUCK TO GET ALL THE HEAVY WORK!

WELL, I GOTTA MAKE DE SPIES DON'T I?



WHMM... IT'S LOCKED ALL RIGHT! AND THE CHAINS CAN'T SLIP OFF!

WHAT'D YA EXPECT? THINK WE'RE CROOKS AROUND HERE?



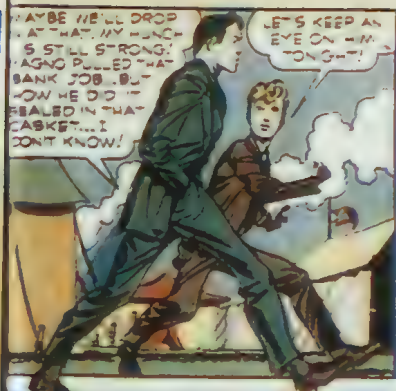
ARE YOU THE GENTLEMAN WHO DOUBTS MY POWERS? EXAMINE THE CASKET IF YOU WISH... PERHAPS EVEN HAVE YOURSELF BURIED AS I DO!

NO, THANKS!



I'VE INSPECTED THE PIT, YES... THERE'S NO OPENING ANYWHERE... JUST LOOSE SAND!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I AM NOT OFFENDED, GENTLEMEN! MANY MISTAKE ME FOR A TRICKSTER! FOR FURTHER PROOF COME TO THE YACHT HARBOR TONIGHT AND SEE ME DEFEY THE WATERS!

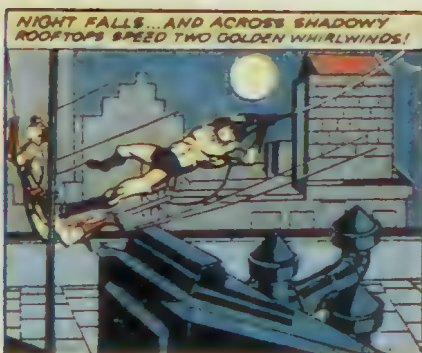
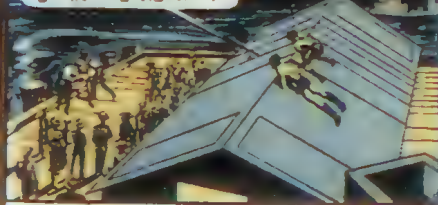


MAYBE HE'LL DROP
AT THAT. MY HUNCH
IS STILL STRONG!
MAGNO PULLED THAT
BANK JOB, BUT
NOW HE DID IT
SEALED IN THAT
CASKET... I
DON'T KNOW!

LET'S KEEP AN
EYE ON HIM
TODAY!

THERE'S THE GREAT MAGNO...
ALL SET FOR HIS FLY PLUNGE!

...AND A CROWD OF
INNOCENT WITNESSES TO
SUPPORT HIS ALIBI IN CASE
ANYTHING CROOKED POPS
UP IN THE VICINITY!



NIGHT FALLS... AND ACROSS SHADY
ROOFTOPS SPEED TWO GOLDEN WHIRLWINDS!

WRAPPED IN HEAVY CHAINS, MAGNO
SEEMS INCAPABLE OF ANY VILLAINY
AT THE MOMENT...

NOW, FOLKS... THE MAR-
VELOUS MAGNO WILL
SPEND THE
NEXT HOUR
SUBMERGED
IN THE
RIVER!



HOW CAN
MAGNO
ACCOMPLISH
SUCH A
FEAT?
LET US
PEER
BENEATH
THE RIVER'S
MURKY
SURFACE
AND
WATCH
THE
BEARDED
MYSTIC
AS HE IS
LOWEDED
BELOW
THE
DARKENED
WATERS!

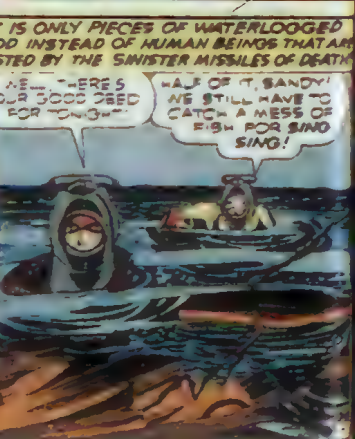
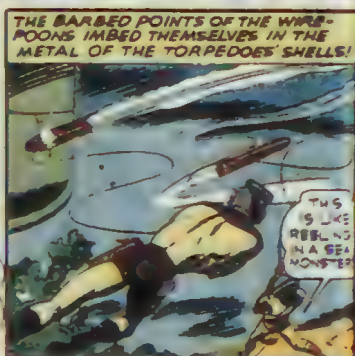
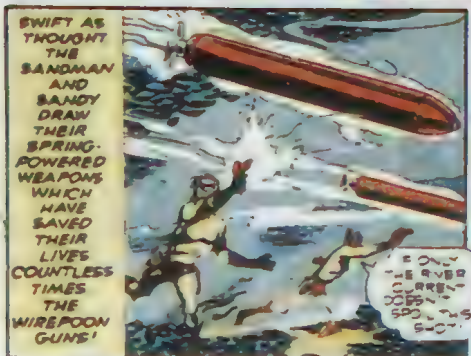


HERE'S YOUR
HELMET, BOSS!
I GOT THE
TORPEDOES
READY!



THE TWO
MAN SUB IS
WAITING,
BOSS!

SO IS THE YACHT, SEA
SPRITE... WAITING FOR
US TO STRIP HER OF
ALL THE RICHES SHE
CARRIES. LET US
PROCEED AT ONCE!



SUDDENLY, HOWEVER, THE FISHERMEN ARE ATTACKED BY THE FISH!

POUR THE
OXYGEN TANKS!

HOLD EM!
THEY
LOSE CON-
SCIOUSNESS.

THE STRUGGLE ENDS ABRUPTLY FOR THE SANDMAN AND SANDY AS THE PRESSURE AND LACK OF OXYGEN CAUSES THEM TO GO LIMPI!

WHAT ARE WE DOING?
LEAVE EM FOR
THE FISH?

NO! THEY MUST
FLOAT TO THE SUR-
FACE AND BE REVIVED.
TAKE THEM TO THE
SUBMARINE!

SOMETIME LATER, THE GOLDEN FURIES REVIVE...

SO YOUR HOCUS-
FOCUS PROVIDES
YOU WITH A RE-
PORTAL BUS FOR
THE CRIMES YOU
COMMIT?

AIRTIGHT S'RG'T,
SANDMAN.

WHILE I WAS BURIED IN THAT
TRUNK, ONE OF MY PALS WAS IN
AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER
NEARBY! HE DUG HIS WAY TO ME
AND WE WENT THROUGH A TUNNEL
TO THE BANK! AND LATER
COLLAPSED THE TUNNEL.
ALL THAT WHILE I KEPT
TALKING TO MY BOYS
ON THE SURFACE BY
RADIO! NEAT,
WASN'T IT?

YOU'LL PARDON MY HASTE
BUT I MUST PERFORM
THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK
FOR THE VAN
NESTOR ROOF
GARDEN PARTY!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME,
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO
LET THE SUB RUN IN THE
WATER AND DROWN YOU
TWO LIKE RATS.

YOU
SHOULD
TALK
ABOUT
RATS!

MAGNO
OPENS THE
FLOOD
VALVES,
LEAVING
THE
SANDMAN
AND
SANDY
STRUGGLING
TO FREE
THEM-
SELVES
WHILE
THE
INRUSHING
WATERS
OF
THE
RIVER
OUTSIDE
RISE
TO
ENGULF
THEM!

THERE'S NO
CHANCE OF
ESCAPE
SANDMAN!
KICK NO 4!
THE WALLS
WON'T HELP!
WE'RE
TRAPPED!

YOU'RE
PROBABLY
RIGHT,
SANDY!
THERE'S
ONLY ONE
CHANCE
LEFT, AND I'M
USING IT!



MEANWHILE MAGNO IS DEMONSTRATING
THE FAMOUS "INDIAN ROPE TRICK"
TO AN AWE-STRUCK AUDIENCE AT THE
VAN NESTER'S ROOF PARTY...

50 SINGLE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
THE ROPE UP 80!
AND UP IT STAYS...
DEFYING THE LAWS
OF GRAVITY!



BUT THE UNPREDICTABLE MYSTIC HAS AN
EVEN MORE SENSATIONAL STUNT UP HIS
FLOWING CAPE!

I SHALL CLIMB THE ROPE
WHEN ALL YOU PEOPLE HAVE
HANDLED YOUR
VALUABLES OVER
TO ME

NO! NO!
WHAT GUN
IS THAT
MY DEAR

HE MUST
BE
TAKING
TO ME



UNDER THE THREAT OF MAGNO'S
AUTOMATIC, A FORTUNE IN GEMS
AND BANK NOTES FILLS THE
TRICKSTER'S WAITING SACK!

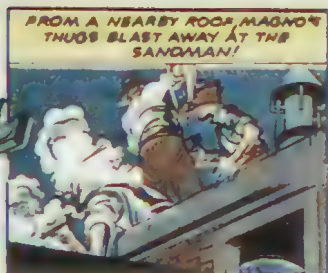
WAND OVER...
ALL OF IT! AFTER
ALL A POOR FAKK
SUCH AS I MUST
MAKE A LIVING



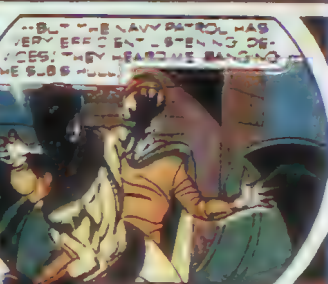
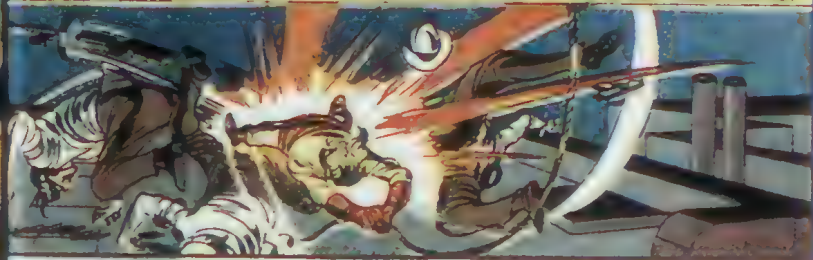
SUDDENLY...



YOU'RE A GHOST!
YOU CRASHED IN THE
SUB. YOU CAN'T
BE ALIVE!!



...UT, FROM NOWHERE, A GOLDEN THUNDERBOLT FLASHES DOWN TO UPSET THEIR RANKS!



THE END



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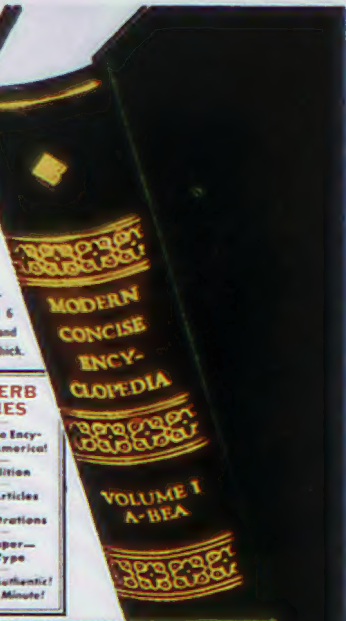
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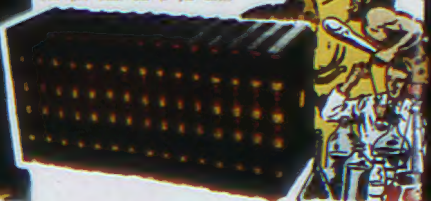
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